

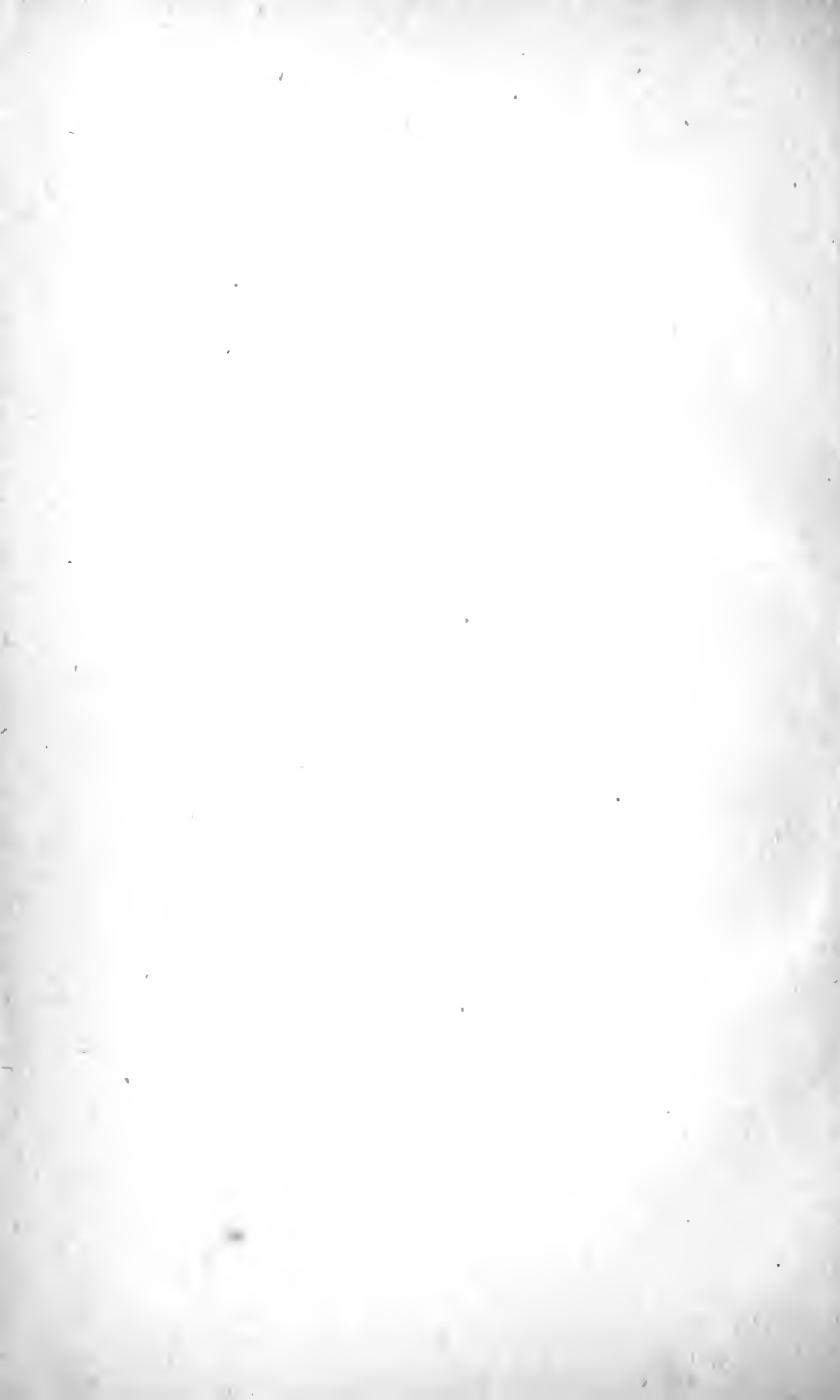
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ERRATA.

Page IX (of preface, 16th line from top, read *quantities*.

" X " " 3rd line from bottom, read *lord*.

" XIV " " 4th " " " " *philosophical*.

CHAPTER I, OF BOOK.

Page I. 9th line from top, read *re-registered*.

CHAPTER II.

Page 6. 3rd line from top, read *Drumsole*.

" 7. 6th line from bottom, read *Cup flour*.

" 8. 4th line from top, read *Turn cup*.

" 8. 7th line from top, after *and*, read *it*.

" 14. 2nd line from bottom, read *Turn cup*.

CHAPTER III.

Page 26. 15th line from top, read *County*.

" 26. 16th " " " " "

CHAPTER IV.

Page 34. 11th line from top, read *County*.

" 37. 12th line from bottom, read *Warping bars*.

" 38. 6th line from top, read *Charlotte*.

" 45. 1st line from top, read *Settlements*.

" 48. 6th line from bottom, read *Interpreter*.

" 49. 4th line from top, read "*Couple*" "*of*."

" 49. 18th line from top, read "*appalled*,"

CHAPTER V.

Page 56. 7th line from bottom, read "*woolen*."

CHAPTER VI.

Page 59. 3rd line from top, read *Feb. 28, 1792*.

" 60. 9th line from top, read *Chickasaw*.

" 65. 16th line from top, read *has*.

" 70. 6th line from top, read "*management*."

" 72. 14th line from top, read "*engulfed*."

" 74. 1st line from top, read "*Fredericksburgh*."

" 76. 7th line from bottom, read "*Woolen*."

" 80. 12th line from bottom, read "*reverberated*."

" 80. 13th line from bottom, read "*loathsome*."

" 81. 5th line from bottom, read "*sensuality*."

Page 84. 3th line from top, read "*detachment.*"
" 84. 13th line from top, read "*dissatisfied.*"

CHAPTER VII.

Page 91. 4th line from top, read "*Revolution.*"

CHAPTER X.

Page 102. 3rd line from top, read "*exonerating.*"

CHAPTER XVI.

Page 121. 10th line from bottom, read "*Miriam.*"

CHAPTER XXI.

Page 130. For *Mathilda* read "*Matilda.*"

" 130. 8th line from bottom, read "*bilious.*"

" 130. 2nd line from bottom, read "*Chicago.*"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Page 133. 7th line from top, read "*1827.*"

" 134. 16th line from top, read "*Florida.*"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Page 144. 1st line from top, read "*Mildred.*"

APPENDIX.

Page 11. 10th line from bottom, "*so on.*"

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Page IX. 22nd line from top, read "*wielded.*"



THE writer regrets, exceedingly, to discover the foregoing errors—some of which may have been in the manuscript—but by far the most are the result of carelessness on the part of the compositors, while the writer had but a few moments to glance at the proof sheets as they were presented to him. Had these inaccuracies been discovered before binding, the whole should have been printed over again, but after binding, it was too late to save much of the cost. So it had to stand, with these Errata.

PRIVATE BIOGRAPHY

OF THE

TURNLEYS,

BY ONE OF THE FAMILY.

Portraits by Taylor Turnley

1842

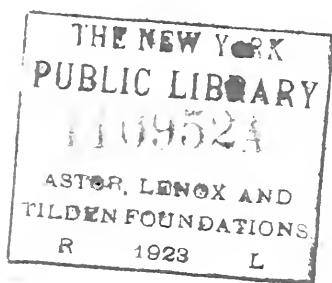
1843

1844

1845

1846

1847



Marsland & Tansey, Printers,
73 W. Lake St., Chicago.

*To the Fondly Cherished Memory of her whose
exalted virtues as Woman, Wife and Mother,
secured to her that peace, which passeth un-
derstanding, on the 10th of August, 1844, an
affectionate Son dedicates these pages: and, in
so doing, he confesses his own shortcomings and
frailties; and his lifelong failure to interpret
or practice aright, a Mother's Golden Precepts
and Examples, while he deploras the burial
of so many virtues in a Mother's Grave!*

Chicago, 1872.

May 1873

1

“Those who have ancestral honors
And add nothing to their brightness,
Are like stars in the ocean seen:
They were not there but for
Their bright originals in heaven.”

PREFACE.

“WHAT is the use of pedigrees? What boots it, Ponticus, to be accounted of an ancient line, and to display the painted faces of your ancestors, and the Emiliani standing in their ears, and the Curii diminished to one-half their bulk, and Corvinus deficient of a shoulder, and Galba that has lost his ears and nose—what profit is it to vaunt in your capacious genealogy of Corvinus, and in many a collateral line, to trace dictators and masters of the horse, begrimed with smoke, if before the very faces of the Lepidi you lead an evil life? * * * * *

Though your long line of statues adorn your ample halls on every side, the sole and only real nobility is virtue.

* * * * *

For who would call him noble who is unworthy of his race, and distinguished only for his illustrious name? * *

To you, my words are addressed, Rebellius Plantus; you are puffed up with your descent from the Drusi, just as though you yourself had achieved something to deserve being ennobled. ‘You are of the lower orders,’ he says, ‘the very dregs of our populace. Not a man of you could tell where his father was born; but *I* am a Cecropid.’ Long

may you live and long revel in the joys of such a descent. yet from the lowest of this common herd you will find one that is indeed an eloquent Roman.

It is he that usually pleads the cause of the ignorant noble. From the Toga'd crowd will come one that can solve the knotty points of the law, and the enigmas of the statutes. He it is. that in his prime, carves out his fortunes with his sword, and goes to Euphrates; and the legions that keep guard over the conquered Batavi: while you are nothing but a Cecropid.

* * * * * * * *

He is the steed of fame, from whatever pasture he comes, whose speed is brilliantly before the others, and whose dust is first on the plain. * * * * *

Therefore, that we may admire you, and not *yours*, first achieve some noble act. * * It is wretched work building on another's fame, lest the whole pile crumble to ruins when the pillows that held it up are withdrawn. * *

What I have just set forth is no opinion of my own: believe that I am reciting to you a leaf of the sibyl, that cannot lie.—*Juvenal*.

The desire to preserve our race and name is as old as man's existence on the earth, and it does appear to furnish some proof adverse to the Darwinian theory (or speculations rather) as to man's origin.

Speculation, however, is useful to the philosophic mind, and to the world—inasmuch as it breaks down the inclosures of established creed: it abrades the stronghold of time honored superstitions, and allows science to penetrate

the regions of the unknown, and by the measure of demonstrable matter, to investigate and draw some conclusions concerning indemonstrable spirit.

Theology (like every thing else animated by human nature) becomes exceedingly narrow in ignorance :—a kind of creed selfishness. Even the highest type of theology—the christian—has for centuries, through its expounders, lived in watchful fear of what may be called the advance of profane learning, and offered vigilant opposition to science wherever it threatened to undermine a religious dogma, as if the eternal principles of the universe rested upon the manipulation of a Greek or Hebrew particle ! It was not thus he spoke who said—‘ Great are thy works O, God ! who shall understand them ? ’

Happily for the world, mere dogma is yielding to science, and we dare to hope that no great shock may disturb the balance of society to the obliteration of these landmarks hewn out by scientific research until mankind has reached the true light wherein theological fallacies vanish—then we shall see no longer ‘ through a glass darkly.’

All honor, then, to Darwin and his class of speculators. They give impetus to inquiry. They give us some metal though they give us much dross. Lyell, Huxley, Lubback and others give us constant proof of both the power and the weakness of the human mind. These are the reapers that gather in, and though much of the harvest is not wheat, the wheat could not be garnered without it. If, when Mr. Darwin’s theories have been winnowed, one grain of the true wheat be found, it is worth all his labor to gather it — it is worth all ours to read and investigate it. This, after all is the grand mission of the human intellect

in this world (and perchance in the world which is to come.) Mr. Darwin fails to show us any of the elements, capacities or results of indefinite and infinite change, advancement and elevation in the quadrumana. He fails to explain to us why our may-be ancestors have no aspirations or instincts above his condition. What he was in the beginning of human records, he is now. Man only possesses the capacity for change, elevation, and progress indefinite. Man only possesses aspirations for a higher and still a higher condition, and the difference between the highest and lowest order of man is immeasurably greater than that which exists between the extreme grades of the quadrumana. The lower orders of men may, and often do, rise, compete with, and outstrip a higher order, till it becomes the dominant race, and what had been its superior becomes its servant; but in all the ages wherein a history of man and brute has been preserved, there has been no change in the relative position of the two: nor does there appear any connecting link that could, in any unwritable, incomputable, illimitable period of time merge the one into the other. But all honor to Darwin. Every scientific truth he rescues from the debris of past ages is a real gem though set in the base metal of error. It must outlive the master hand that discovered it: it must outlive the theories it was brought forth to establish and adorn: it must live in that glorious crown, resplendent with gems wrought out of the mysterious universe by the sweat of man's brow and the toil of man's brain: it must make one of that cloud of interpreters that shall one day declare to man the true purport of the history of the world and of man as given in the book of Genesis.

Nevertheless, Mr. Darwin and his co-laborers should rise above so much that is purely speculative. They should not organize themselves into a committee of metaphysicians, and proceed to deal out their wares on purely *borrowed capital*. Those very eminent and respectable writers and thinkers should be a trifle more guarded in confounding *metaphysics* with true philosophy. The end and object may be the same; but the modes of reaching the end are very different. The inductive method limited to the observation merely of facts can hardly pass current among thinkers. A course of *reasoning* is equally necessary if they would raise their theories out of the mire of merely speculative philosophy of vulgar observation into the field of science. *Science* alone can solve the the grand *equations* which, however, may very properly contain recorded observations as *quantities* and numbers. Science alone can ever solve the problem of discovering the *unknown* from the use of the *known*, and this, too, by a fair course of patient reasoning.

It is not, however, the province of this short preface to refute, or in any manner discuss Darwin; but to set forth a quality of the human mind, which is superior to the brute, the parent of history, the scaling ladder of civilization. That instinct, or more properly, aspiration in man to preserve his personal identity, his race and name in the world after he shall have been called to lay down this mortal dress to assume, he knows not what other.

The march of civilization appears to be war; a mortal combat between light and darkness; between knowledge and ignorance; between elevation and degradation; between the higher man and the lower man. And it is to

be regretted that the universal desire of man to preserve his line and genealogy, has not more generally found expression in written records, by which individuals could be traced back through social change and political revolution; through the endless vicissitudes of moral and intellectual elevation and degradation.

The history of every man or a large number of men — not laudations and exaggerated accounts of personal prowess, as we have in the traditions of the Greeks, and other ancient nations, to say nothing of the fulsome panegyric so universal at the present time. But a candid, faithful narration of the condition and line of descent, through a thousand, or five hundred, or even three hundred years, through all the ramifications, intermingling and separations, might do more than anything has yet done to answer the question, why the strong must always rise by pulling down the weak!

It might furnish a key to that obstinate lock that guards the principles of human government, and show what is the true theory that leads to 'the greatest happiness of the greatest numbers.' It might reveal to the philosopher why men are *not* born free and equal!

Such a family and personal history would furnish the strongest bond of sympathy between the classes, and go farther than any power we now possess to soften the asperities and bitterness of the seemingly necessary war between the classes for civilization. To the *peasant*, it would say, 'you can and may be greater than your fathers,' while to the Lord, it would say 'you are in fact, brother to your serf.' The same blood courses your veins, a like spirit animates your life; from his class you have come, and to

his class you may return ; look, therefore, to his elevation, if you would guard against your own degradation.

The elevation of the masses ! A word so ponderous and unmanageable in its suggestions and signification ; a word used so flippantly by that gushing class of humanitarians. (marvelously like Mr. Darwin's pet progenitors of man ;) that one almost forgets from the lightness of the breath that breathes it, the immensity of its proportions. The elevation of the masses ! It is what all the world would have, but it is not he who talks it so glibly on the stump and from the rostrum, who is likely to find the way to it. It is a slow work, if we may judge from past experience. The highest human attainments of the present century, when compared with man's knowledge two thousand years back, does not present so great a difference ; certainly much has been attained in the investigation of natural science, and natural laws, and this has been utilized to the comfort and convenience of man ; but the human nature—passions, hopes and affections—was understood then as perfectly as now, and is in nothing changed by our long pupilage in the elevation process.

Looking at our own Fatherland, England, which shows a longer connected and intelligible record than any other country of *our* civilization, she has not done much toward the elevation of *the masses*, and yet we may ask where is there a nation that has done more ? America claims to have invented or discovered a literal, social, and political equality, and makes herself hoarse shouting 'no castes, no classes,' (which, by the way, is false) 'no lords, no peasants.' The Adamic age had none of these. It is knowledge, progress, civilization, that produce these classes, and these

castes. When Adam delved and Eve span' truly enough there were none of gentle blood. The march of progress, of civilization had not set its mark upon the barbarous earth. The only approach to democracy, and perfect social equality, we find among the untutored savages, never in a higher condition of human society.

The United States took the superstructure of government, which England, through ages of war and blood, through revolution and counter-revolution; through the experience of generations wrought out for herself, remodelled, trimmed, and fitted to strength and stability. The sturdy yeomanry of America under the peculiar circumstances that surrounded them, needed but little government. They wisely trimmed off much of the heavy machinery of law that age had made unnecessary and useless to the great model; and the secret of the rapid progress that America has made in the development of her natural resources is in the fact that she has been but little governed.

As society waxes older, however, it gradually settles into the inevitable grooves of the employer and the employed; master, and man; him who commands and him who obeys; him who toils, and him who enjoys the proceeds; in fine it becomes he who may and he who shall not. This is the status of every *progressive* people. However different may be the names employed to designate these relations, however irregular and uncertain may be the fortune that determines the preponderance of power, power once gained becomes a patrimony, and a condition once determined becomes an inheritance. The moral and intellectual nature conforms to the physical and social

condition, and beauty or deformity perpetuates itself in its caste.

Power is what man wants in all ages, and countries, and every clime; this is the aspiration of his soul that makes him God-like. This theory and that theory of government only means power to this or that class or caste of men. Humility is no element of man's nature; it is not even a principle that he can learn, and though he try it ever so honestly, it becomes only empty cant or an available disguise for gaining what is the involuntary inspiration of every human soul—power. "Even those who have not the will to kill a man would gladly have the power."

The engine of government, which, for three-fourths of a century was but a name in the United States, readily takes up its more weighty attachments as society outgrows its primitive condition, and so loose and indefinite has been the government itself, that this additional machinery goes on only too easily, and is plied by the lower instead of the higher powers of the land. While those learned in the state and law stand with uncovered heads before the consecrated theories of 1776, demagogues and mountebanks, the lower strata of a new and untried people, mount the seat and ply the lash. Now, if there be anything in the theory that intellect must rule, here goes for a war, a war of mind against muscle, a war of civilization. One more step towards the solution of man's origin and destiny.

Badges of family distinction and respectability are much valued in old countries, and especially in our mother country England. Even in America the national character-

istic begins to assert itself. Every man of gentle breeding and moderate culture feels just pride in the distinction which attaches to an honorable name and ancestry.

It has been said Americans have no grandfathers, and however just this may have been in the past, it cannot long apply to American society. Time—that unfailing regulator of human affairs—will bring all things and all men to their legitimate places at last. It may be a long time before we have a college of Heraldry in America, but even now almost every man of respectable or distinguished ancestry preserves most sacredly in his family archives the testimony of his respectability.

Aside from the commendable feeling of pride that operates upon all the world in common, the philosopher desires to preserve his line and ancestry, their honor or dishonor, upon philosophical grounds and for philosophical investigation. The history of one family traced back to the Flood would contain more to enlighten mankind than all the histories of all the nations that have existed on the earth!

CHAPTER I.

IN England, the Turnley family dates back to a remote period. Prior to 1550 the name is recorded as a family with a coat of arms in the register's office. When the Herald College in London was burned, this, like so many other recorded coats and blazonry, was destroyed. Those interested in the preservation of these family armorial ensigns, took measures to have those of their respective families re-registered or recorded, and so preserved them. The Turnley's neglected to do this for a great while. The attempt was at last made, and after long search through the British Museum the record was found in Randle Holme's Academy of Armory, published during the reign of Charles the Second. The family record also was found bearing the coat of arms. We give a diagram of the same as copied from the records in the College of Armory in the British Museum, with book chapter and section.

The "Turn Cup Lily" as the arms represent, Page 480, vol. I. of Fairbairn's Crests of Great Britain and Ireland, is the following: 'TURNLEY' on a mount. vert. an oak, tru ppr. pendent on

(sinister side) a shield, gu. charged with a cross pattee or perseveranda, pl. 75 cr. 2 cross pl. 141 or more clearly rendered, Turnley's coat of arms consist of a green oak tree growing on a mound; pendent on left side a reddened shield charged with a 'pattee' cross; that is, a cross in which the *arms* are very narrow at the *inner* ends and broad at the outer ends.

CHAPTER II.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth, three branches of the Turnley family appear in England. Richard Turnley belonged to the expedition, which, under the Earl of Essex, embarked from Plymouth, against Spain, and resulted in the capture of Cadiz. He was also in another expedition under Essex, for the protection of Ireland from a threatened invasion from Spain. He returned to England in 1599 where he remained in private life.

Several members of the family held positions of honor and trust in the state during this period.

We do not see anything more of the name until the civil wars under Charles I. of England. During the latter part of this reign, the Turnley's seem to have been divided between Charles and Parliament, some being on the one side and some on the other. At last, when Charles refused to answer the charges of Parliament, the Turnleys are all found on the side of the Parliament, and subsequently in the army of Cromwell. John, Francis and Edmund Turn-

ley served in the army of the Commonwealth. John and Francis as ensigns, Edmund as Cornet in a squadron of Cavalry. When Cromwell became Lord Lieutenant, he dispatched reinforcements to the garrisons in Ireland, and among these reinforcements we find the names of John, Francis, and Edmund Turnley. They participated in the little battle near Dublin in 1649, and were present at the shameful butchery perpetrated by Cromwell at Drogheda in the same autumn. They remained in service in Ireland till 1651, when they all obtained discharges. John, the eldest, remained in Ireland, married there, and had children. His descendants are still to be found in Ireland. The writer has heard of a number of them within the past fifteen years, though he is unable to give anything more definite concerning them.

Francis and Edmund Turnley, after their discharge from the army of Ireland, started to return to England, but stopped in Wales. Francis remained there, married and had children. During a portion of the time he lived in Monmouth, where he died in 1690. His two eldest children were sons, whom he named John and Francis. These two are the progenitors of the Turnleys of America. More will be said of these hereafter.

Edmund Turnley the youngest of the brothers who left England in the Cromwellian service, married in Wales, afterwards returned to England, and stopped in the town of Bath.

About the same time, another branch of the family (cousin to the one above) James Turnley, resided in the town of Gloucester, near the head of the Bristol channel. He had three sons, viz., Robert, Isaac and Joseph, the record of these appears in 1700. No accurate account can be obtained of their issue nor of their deaths.

The name is still preserved in both the English and Irish branches, and we insert the following letter on the subject from John Turnley, Esq., dated at his temporary residence, Maison La Roche, St. Severn, France, March 1st, 1861, as giving all we know of his branch of the family. The letter is as follows :

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to me without date, followed me through my wanderings, until it reached me here, I should have answered it long since ; however, better late than never. Until about eighteen years ago we did not know of any other family in the world of the same name ; but about the year 1843 my late father was astonished at receiving a letter from a London barrister, named Joseph Turnley, saying that in reading *A Tour Around Ireland*, by Mrs.

Hall, he had met with his name as the proprietor of property in the county of Antrim, and of a place called Drummosele. My father invited him to come and see us, and next mail before his letter could have reached him, the said Joseph Turnley drove up to our door! His curiosity being even greater than ours to see a namesake. I may now safely say that this London Turnley family and our Irish family are the only people of the name now on this side of the water; once or twice I have had begging petitions from poor illegitimate dependents: and I know that some illegitimates settled in Buenos Ayres, and became very rich there.

I found the English Turnleys to consist altogether of about *eight* males. The head of the family lives in London, No 19 Russell Square. Joseph Turnley, a rich city man, who has made a large fortune, is an Alderman, I believe, and expects one day to be Lord Mayor. He has one or two brothers, and first cousins scattered over England, but I know that children and adults do not number more than eight or nine males altogether. The cousin, Joseph, who visited us was a barrister, but is now a solicitor, and is the author of some fanciful books, chiefly on the subject of beauty. But, living as I do, entirely in the north of Ireland, and very sel-

dom going to England, I see very little of them ; not oftener than once in seven or eight years, so that we have had no intimacy, but very good will when we do meet. Mr. Joseph Turnley, of Russel Square, some four years since joined me having our Arms, &c., determined. It seems that they had old family plate handed down for many generations, and the Arms on it they naturally, always, considered as theirs, and used until lately some occasion arose requiring proof of right to use it, and inquiring at the Herald's College, the name was not known there. This put Mr. Turnley on his metal, and being a book worm, he commenced a search among the old Herald books in the British Museum, and in Randal Holme's Academy of Armory, published in Charles II. reign, he found the family then, at that time, recorded '*as a family,*' and bearing arms, a copy of which I made myself, from that book, and send enclosed. It is a turn-cap flour 'Fliped' the florist term '*Mastagan Fliped.*'

“An Academy of Armory, a store house of
 “Armory and Blazonry, containing all things
 “worn in coats of arms, both foreign and “do-
 “mestic, with the terms of Arts used in each
 “service, by Randal Holmes of the city of Ches-
 “ter. Gentleman senior in extraordinary to

“his late Majesty King Charles II. and sometimes
 “deputy for the King at Arms. MDCLXXXVII.
 “Book 14, Chap. Page 74, Sec CV, as follows :
 “He beareth argo. Turncap Flower, Fliped, but
 “by Florists termed ‘*Mastagan* fliped.’ These
 “are borne by Turnley.”

I think, and most probably, originated from the name “Turnelie”—“Turndlily.” This is represented on a shield, and is *not a crest*, but “*Arms*,” and exactly corresponds with the arms on Mr. Turnley’s Family Plate, above alluded to. It seems the reason the Herald’s College knew nothing of it, once on a time (many years past) the Herald’s College was burned down, and records all destroyed, and those families interested in such matters took care to see *theirs* re-entered on the new books, and the Turnleys neglected to have theirs done likewise. Sir Bernard Burke at once recognised our right, and we are now recognised and registered in the Herald’s College. I had some difficulty in convincing Sir B. Burke that our Irish family was the same stock. However, there always has been a tradition with us that we came over in Oliver Cromwell’s Armory, and a tradition existing with English Turnleys, that a branch had gone to Ireland. It was recognised by Sir. B. Burke, and he formally per-

mitted us to carry the same Arms, &c., being of the same family originally, and the English Turnleys chose the *lily* also for their crest, and use a 'Tree,' which, right or wrong, I found my father and grandfather using. The motto is common to both, 'Perseveranda.' But the crest and motto are only of the other day, and signifying nothing. The 'Arms,' and the right to bear them, so long ago as at least James I. (1603 to 1625) it shows that we are of a good old descent. I believe you think very little of this in America, most likely look upon it as weakness in us here. However, we only value it for what it is worth, knowing well what the real and higher value of a man is, with reference to here and hereafter.

Now, with reference to my own family, the Irish branch, I may say, I stand alone, and with me the family name comes to an end. We have had a strange history, "always cutting our own throats." My great-great-grandfather held a respectable position and landed property in Ireland, and dying, left it all to his widow, trusting in her to deal judiciously among his family of sons and daughters, but she proved false to his confidence, and soon married a person called a Mr. Wilson, and all the Turnley property became Wilson's; and on the strength of it, Mr. W. got into Parliament, from the Borough. The

Turnleys seem to have become unknown then for many years, (naturally so) until my grand-father, Alexander Turnley turned up, having become a rich merchant, and land agent to the first lord Londonderry. He married a Miss Block, of a respectable old family, and had three sons.

John, (for whom I am called,) Francis (my father) and Alexander, and four or five daughters, all of whom married the most respectable families. My eldest uncle (John) died without issue. — Alexander's family are all dead or unknown; my father, (for whom a good berth in the East India Company was procured through Lord Londonderry, and where my father realised, and brought home seventy-five thousand pounds sterling. My father married a Miss Rochfort of county Carlow, one of the oldest and best families in Ireland, and had Francis, Robert, Joseph, John, and Charles. Daro and Kate. Francis and Joseph died when about to enter the Bar and Church, Robert became a settler in Canada, and lost his patrimony, then returned, and went out of his senses—and is now in a lunatic Asylum—a ward of Chancery. Charles is also soft brained, and I alone of all the males am left. My sisters are alive, but unmarried. My father and uncles are long since dead, and no possible source left from which to re-produce the family. I early married a Miss Lytton, daughter of one of the Masters in Chancery, and have six

daughters but no son; nor do I expect to have any further addition to my family. My place of residence is county Antrim, at a handsome house called Drummosole near Glenarm, and my brother Robert's property lies all round, and I am his guardian or committee under the court. I have the use of the house, and a good allowance from the court to support the respectability of his name in the county. I am on the grand jury, and a magistrate; but there are too many rich men in the county for me to be more than a sprat among them all; especially as it is a county where purse rules your rank in a good measure. In other parts of the land, education, family, and personal qualifications tell in society; here it is the length of your purse. I am, (and expect to be for another year) a resident at St. Jerome, to economise a little and get the advantage of French for my six daughters. It is a good locality for the enjoyment of yatching, of which I have been always passionately fond.

Yours truly,

JOHN TURNLY.

P.S. — I spell my name without the final e. This is an omission which took place within my recollection.

J. T.

It would thus seem that the name in Ireland must soon disappear, if indeed it is not already

extinct, he being then the only one of the name left, and the writer (though repeatedly trying) has failed to obtain any intelligence of him since the late war between the United States [1866]. Of the many letters addressed to him at his place of residence, or what was his place of residence, not one elicits a reply. The writer can but conclude that he is no longer living.

Of the English branch, it appears from the following letters of Joseph Turnley, Esq., that the name is not likely to become extinct, there being several male members of the family living in 1862:

TUDOR HOUSE, BURGESS HILL, SUSSEX,
August 1862.

TO CAPT. P. T. TURNLEY, U. S. ARMY,
CHICAGO ILL.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am obliged for your letter of the 20th July, and I will endeavour to answer your different questions to the best of my ability.

In my early days I have often heard my father say, that one portion of his family left England for America, that another went over to Ireland, and there settled. I fear I cannot tell you very far back, my knowledge of the family being very limited. The oldest member I can recollect was my grandfather, who left behind him six sons and one

daughter, "Mary Agnes." Mark, the eldest, *dead*, had one son, who, I believe, is in America.

James, 'dead' no issue.

Joseph, (my father,) "dead" left five sons and a daughter, "all dead but myself."

James William, left one daughter, married.

Robert Henry, unmarried.

Joseph, (myself,) three sons and a daughter, all alive.

Say Joseph Wright, married, with four daughters.

Robert Cooper, unmarried.

Thomas Hale, do.

Alice Cooper, married to F. Cramp, of London, Oporto; they have five daughters.

John Muro left four sons and one daughter.

Samuel Muro left four daughters.

Joel Muro left no children.

Mary Anne, married, left son and daughter, since dead.

The above are all the branches I have known, they have all passed away. In or about the year 1821 my father left England for America, in search of his relations. He went to New York, from there to Charleston, South Carolina, and returned to London after eight months absence, without finding what he sought. In Ireland he was more successful, he found the family living in the Co. Antrim, on their Estate, called Drummasole, and an exceed-

ingly nice family, consisting of three sons and two daughters. No doubt, Mr. John wrote you all particulars of his branch; that we are all of the same stock I have not the least doubt; therefore, the same family. The arms of our family, which have been handed over to me, was kept by the ancients of our race under lock and key. We are descended from a very old Norman family, and some hundred years ago, was much "better known" at "Court" and "in the fashionable world" than at present. Randall Holmes has a long article on the Arms borne by the Turnleys, in his work on the London Gentry of England, 1614. On applying at the Herald's College in London, they could not find the name, but on questioning them more closely I found about one hundred and fifty years since a "large fire" took place and destroyed a great portion of the building and papers, and amongst the lot our "Pedigree" was "burnt." About four years ago I held the office of Deputy Governor of the Honorable the Irish Society of the New Province of Ulster. During my stay in that country I called upon my friend B. Burke Esq., "Ulster King at Arms" for all Ireland, and got him after some conversation, to confirm and register the Arms worn by my ancestors for ages, (not finding them in the Herald's office in London.) In addition to the "Turn Cap Lily," our Arms, the Viceroy of Ireland gave per-

mission for the family in future to wear the Tower of Londonderry as a mark of respect to the position I held as Deputy Governor of the Province: I have become the head of the family in England, there only being eight of the name left. I am a Justice of the Peace, for the county of Middlesex, for the City of Westminster and Liberty of H. M. "Tower of London," also a Deputy Lieut. for all those three commissions, I am a commissioner of the Board of Conservancy, of the River Thames, a member of the Common Council of our City, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, and in the year 1858, I filled the high position of Master of the "Merchant Tailor's Company," one of the most ancient Guilds of our City, in whose splendid Hall are entertained the first nobles of the land. The late Prince Albert was a member, and I had the honor of conferring the freedom of the company on the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia in Buckingham Palace. The last ten years of my life I have devoted to the public service without fee or reward, and last Christmas I found my strength give way, being over-worked. I was advised to leave London for twelve months to recruit my health, and I have taken a house as above. It is forty-two miles from London, and eight miles from Brighton. It is a beautiful place and I have found great benefit by the change. We are on the grounds or driving over the country all day, receiving the fresh air, and I hope

in another six months to be able to return to my majesterial duty.

I married early in life to Mary Anne, the daughter of Thomas P. Cooper, Esq., one of the old Yorkshire families. I am happy to say she is in good health. I have a son, Robert Cooper, who left us two years ago, for South Australia, thinking, like many others, to make a rapid fortune. He has found his mistake, and at present is seeking some employment, which I trust he may soon find, being a good-tempered clever man, and industrious.

With respect to your great-grandmother, I cannot give you any information, and I believe I have told you all I know of my family.

I am very sorry the unhappy differences in your country cannot be settled. That the two States will ever again be under one President I think impossible. I can only hope that you may return to your peaceful home unhurt, and that I may hear it confirmed by yourself.

Having told you all I know concerning myself and family, and if you feel disposed to continue a correspondence, I can only assure you I shall at all times be delighted to hear often from you. With kind regards I remain,

Yours truly,

JOSEPH TURNLEY.

PARMENAS T. TURNLEY ESQ.,
CHICAGO ILL.

TUDOR HOUSE, BURGESS HILL, SUSSEX,
October 6th, 1862.

TO CAPT. P. T. TURNLEY, U. S. ARMY,
CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am in the receipt of your two letters by the same post—in future I will thank you to direct to this place, as it makes two or three days difference in my receiving the letter. There was no need of your caution, in these troublesome times. I am at this place for my health, which, I am very happy to say is quite reinstated, therefore, see little or no company beyond my own family. I go to London twice a week to attend to magisterial duty; the other days are devoted to my garden. I can assure you my wife and self sympathize with you and Mrs. Turnley, on the dreadful state of your country, and more particularly the painful position of yourself, with reference to your family; however, you must put your trust in that God, who, thus far, has spared you to your family, through all the perils you have passed. I am happy to hear you have recovered your health, and long may you enjoy that blessing. I have little news to communicate. America seems to occupy the whole world with her troubles on the one hand, and Italy on the other. The International Exhibition is very nearly closed, and very attractive it has been. I believe London never was so full of strangers as

during the last two months, nearly every nation having sent a man-of-war ship, with some 200 or 300 young men, engineers and different mechanics, to give them the opportunity of seeing if anything was to be learned from the curious contributions from all the nations in the world, and it appears they have all left England satisfied.

The Lord Mayor and Common Council gave a Grand Ball in honor of the International Exhibition, at which was invited every Foreign visitor of distinction—there were over 3,000 persons present, and a very splendid affair it was; they built a large room over the court yard, for dancing, and the Grand Hall was appropriated for the Concert, at which the first performers in the country were engaged; it went off exceedingly well. I was one of the committee for conducting it; the dancing was kept up till 4 o'clock in the morning. You, no doubt, have seen by the London papers, our good Queen is in Germany spending some time with the relations of the late Prince Consort, and I sincerely trust she is enjoying herself.

The Prince's death was a very severe loss to our beloved Queen, and, in fact to all her subjects, he having become quite English, entering into all our charities and institutions, to see them properly applied; he, also, gave his attention to the fine arts, in short, made himself beloved by all classes of people.

You say you will be happy to hear from me; I can assure you it will be exceedingly pleasant to address you, knowing I shall hear of your welfare in return, and that all the unhappy differences in your country are peacefully settled.

(You speak of some day paying our city a visit; I trust you may soon put that good resolution in force, and that I may have the pleasure of shaking you by the hand, and introducing you to my family as a branch of the Turnley's that was lost but found. Mrs. Turnley joins me in kind regards to your wife and daughters and self, and believe me, very sincerely,)

Yours,

JOSEPH TURNLEY.

P. T. TURNLEY, ESQ.

TUDOR HOUSE, BURGESS HILL, SUSSEX,
December, 1862.

TO CAPT. P. T. TURNLEY, U. S. ARMY,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Many thanks, my dear sir for your kind letter; like yourself, we have been from home for some time visiting our friends. I am very sorry to read so bad an account of your troubles in America, and did hope the war would have been decided long before this, but from your description of the causes, I fear it will require a long time to settle the differences. You ask me what is the opinion of the

English people, here; I feel assured all their sympathies are entirely with the South, and consider they should be a separate State, in fact, I cannot see how the two can ever again be united to work in harmony. With respect to slavery, I consider it would be an act of injustice to the owners and the race themselves to make them a free people. The slaves have never known any other condition; the owners feel bound to feed and clothe them, and take every care of them for their own sakes, they being of great value—and what would become of so large an amount of these black people if left to themselves? I can see nothing but riot and rebellion accompanied by every act of violence, if not murder; in fact, for a long time the white population would never be safe in their homes. You ask me what class I belong to—in answer, my family and myself are all conservatives, that is, we are for upholding the Established Church and State as by law directed, for what nation or people are governed by so good a Queen, and enjoy so many privileges and freedom as do the English? America is called the Land of Freedom, but few of her subjects find it out; they are more taxed than the mother country, and I consider more harshly dealt with.

I have not at present heard from Judge Turnley, but I am looking forward to that pleasure. You

say you are about to finish some few works that have been long in hands. When complete, should opportunity offer of sending them to England, I should very much like to read them. Are you still called upon to act as a soldier, or have you sent in your resignation? There is little news. We are all engaged collecting for the distressed in Lancashire, and I have little doubt soon to be called upon to do the like office for the operatives in our own City.

I shall be delighted to hear from you how the war goes on, as no reliance can be placed upon the newspaper reports. My wife and family join me in love and good wishes to you all, and believe me

Yours truly,

JOSEPH TURNLEY.

TUDOR HOUSE, BURGESS HILL, SUSSEX.

To CAPT. P. T. TURNLEY, U. S. ARMY.

Chicago Ill,

July 8th, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR, — On the 13th of May last I wrote you to your address in America, and, not hearing from you in reply, considered you were from home or on your way to England. I am surprised you did not recollect I had removed from Russell Square to the above house over twelve months. I am exceedingly sorry you should have been in our country and not paid us a visit, or, in fact, let us

know the pleasure of a personal introduction. The letter you wrote while in London never reached me, for I am exceedingly well-known; had you directed to Russell Square they would have been sent by the Post Office people to 41 Tower Hill, the Thames Conservancy at which Board I am found every Monday and Friday. I cannot help regretting not having seen you, as I had with my wife made up our minds that you would have paid us a visit for a few days. We are within eight miles of Brighton, which is one of the Lions of our country.

My son-in-law, Mr. Cramp, wrote me yesterday, requesting I would call soon on him, which I did, and received your letter from him, the contents of which annoyed me to think you had been so near and I not to have heard of your arrival in England, which I the more regret for I had intended to have shown you some of our old Institutions, particularly Merchant Tailor's Hall, of which company I have the honor of being a very old member.

On the 11th day of June last our good Prince of Wales did the company the honor of becoming a member, and afterwards dining with us in our Hall. I should much wish you to have been present on that occasion. The place looked magnificent, crowned with the presence of the ladies in the gallery. The day passed off well, everybody, including the Princess, left pleased; however, it

appears I was not to have your company, I do sincerely hope it is only pleasure deferred, and that the day may still arrive when we may meet hand to hand.

Mrs. Turnley and the other members of my family join me in wishing you a speedy and safe passage to your own country, and that you may all enjoy good health, is the prayer of

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH TURNLEY.

The writer had occasion to visit England, in 1863. Business detained him in London a month or more, during which time he made many efforts to communicate with Mr. Joseph Turnley; the failure which he deeply regretted and still regrets was owing to his having overlooked the fact that Mr. Joseph Turnley had some months previously changed his residence from Russel Square to Tudor House, Burgess Hill, a fact of which he had been informed by Mr. Joseph Turnley at the time of the change, but which, under press of business, and harrowing anxieties, occasioned by the war then raging in America, had been entirely forgotten.

Through Mr. Camp (son-in-law to Mr. Joseph Turnley), he was enabled to apprise Mr. Turnley of his presence in England, but not till too late to admit of a personal meeting. If these lines should fall under the observation of Mr. Joseph Turnley, as

they doubtless will, the writer begs that the above explanation may be received as apology for his apparent inattention. He lives in the hope of yet seeing Mr. Joseph Turnley, in England, when war and family complications at home do not claim so large a share of his attention.

CHAPTER III.

OF John and Francis Turnley, sons of Francis Turnley and progenitors of the American family, they were born in Monmouth, Wales—John in 1660, Francis in 1662. After attaining their majority, they crossed the channel to the port of Bristol, where they worked for themselves, and finally married, one in 1689, the other in 1690. In 1692, having been tempted by the favorable inducements offered by William and Mary, to emigration to the American Colonies, they together embarked from the port of Bristol for Norfolk, Virginia. John, the elder, settled in Bottetourt county, Virginia; Francis in Spotsylvania county. They each' had children, and named the eldest, who were sons, for themselves respectively—John and Francis. John the eldest son of John Turnley, of Monmouth, was born in Bristol, 1690; attained his majority in Bottetourt county, 1712. Francis, eldest son of Francis Turnley, of Monmouth, was born also in Bristol, 1691, and attained his majority in Spotsylvania county, 1713. These are the heads of the two American families of Turnley. The fathers, old John and old Francis, of Monmouth, were respectable citizens in the new country. They were

farmers, men of moderate acquirements in the way of education; were possessed of but little property, and, as may be readily inferred, attained no position of note or influence in public affairs. The colonies, like the old country, offered but few opportunities to the plain laboring man, especially when backed by neither wealth nor education. It remained for a later day to reverse the order of things, and make men great by accident without the once necessary equivalents, ability, wealth, or position.

John and Francis, of Monmouth, died in their respective homes at advanced ages. Their sons (John and Francis) married, John in his own country, Bottetourt in 1725; Francis in his own country Spotsylvania, in 1725. Francis had a large family, judging from a record furnished by some members of that branch, and a duplicate of which is found among the papers of John Turnley of Tennessee.

RECORD OF WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE FAMILY
OF FRANCIS TURNLEY, OF BRISTOL, AS
FURNISHED BY N. G. TURNLEY,
OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Francis, born Feb. 10th, 1726—7.

Elizabeth, born Dec. 8th, 1728.

William, born Jan. 25th, 1730.

Anne, born Feb. 28th, 1732.

Grace, born June 9th, 1735.

John, born Nov. 9th, 1737.

Then writes Mr. N. G. Turnley, "grand-father's family."

Susan, born Oct. 8th, 1740.

Ellender, born Dec. 18th, 1744.

Sarah, born July 6th, 1751.

Elizabeth, born Feb. 12th, 1753.

Anne, born March 23rd, 1755.

John, born Feb. 7th, 1757.

James, born Sept. 7th, 1759. Died May 5th, 1763.

Francis, born Dec. 31st, 1763. Died Dec. 23rd, 1838.

The letter of Mr. N. G. Turnley page — gives all the information that has thus far been elicited though much time and pains have been expended in the attempt to get more.

Letters have been addressed to every one of the name who has in any way come to the knowledge of the writer, without result, however, except one letter from Ira Powell Turnley, Esq., bearing date, Brackenburgh, Spotsylvania county, May 10th, 1870. See page —

This one letter was all he ever gave, though he has been repeatedly solicited for further information. It may be that Brackenburgh is

only the name of his residence and not a post-office, and that the letters addressed to him have never been received.

Any information from those who may happen to see this Introduction or preliminary to the Turnley record, and who may feel personal interest in its completion will be gratefully received.

Letters should be directed to P. T. Turnley, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

John Turnley of Bristol, as we shall know him, attained his majority in Battetourt county, Virginia; married there in 1725. He had two children that we know of; one named John, born 1730, and Francis 1732.

The exact date of his death is not known; but, his sons above named were both orphans when John was only eight years old, from which we infer the death of one or both parents occurred sometime about 1738.

We now pursue the line through these two sons, John and Francis.

Francis, the youngest, died at an early age, and without family that we know of.

John Turnley, of Battetourt, as we will know him, and who is the subject of this Biography, was left an orphan at the age of eight years, with his brother Francis, who was younger.

His father had left no means for his support and education, and he was apprenticed to a mason and brickmaker.

John, according to the family tradition, thought his master hard and exacting, in consequence of which, before the expiration of his legal term of apprenticeship, he ran away and set up work for himself in the same county, where he continued to work at his trade without material change in his fortunes or condition till about 1760, when he married Miss Mary Handy, also of Bottetourt county, Virginia, by whom he had two children : *Georgé*, born Aug. 30th, 1762, and *Elizabeth* born 1764.

At the breaking out of the American rebellion 1776, John Turnley had not felt the oppressions of the English Government — an humble mechanic, plying his trade for the support of his family — a man who obstinately demanded a reason that could demonstrate itself by facts, tangible to him and lying within his narrow field of experience, before adopting any new theory — it is not to be wondered at if the tea troubles in Boston Harbor failed to disturb him. He had borne true and honest allegiance to Church and King, and the infection of rebellion that rapidly pervaded all classes, failed to furnish him a reason for violating that alle-

giance. As may be supposed, he knew but little about the merits of the question disturbing the country, but quite as much as the majority of those around him. They caught the spirit of rebellion as in infection, without reason, and he adhered to his allegiance, in thought and feeling, at least, without reason. Which was the most wise we leave future ages to decide — which was most courageous, we claim, the palm for him who dared to hold his faith in spite of popular infection, in defiance of popular opinion, and regardless of personal danger. That man was John Turnley, and we, his posterity, do not blush to claim for him as an honor, that brand which he voluntarily assumed, which he bravely wore — the name so odious to the American ear — “Tory.”

He took no part in the war, submitted to the law of the land whichever government it happened to represent, was throughout a hard working man and a kind neighbor. It appears that his want of zeal for the colonial cause was observed, and he suffered some persecution in consequence. His son George, then only fourteen years of age, imbibed the popular infections engaged in the rebel service of the colonial cause as far as a boy of that age could, the particulars of which will be found in the biography of George Turnley.

In 1786 John Turnley, at the instance of his son, removed to the west, and stopped on the French Broad River in what was then the new Territory of North Carolina, but which was afterwards included in the State of Tennessee, comprising the Eastern district of that State.

The entire family, consisting of John Turnley, his wife, his daughter Elizabeth and husband, George Graham, also of Bottetourt county, Virginia, and his son George, not then married, emigrated together and took up their residence in the same settlement, in 1787. Aug. 5th, 1788, John Turnley and his son George, purchased jointly a claim, or as it was then called, an "improvement" of land, containing a few rude improvements. The deed to the same, as copied verbatim from the original, is as follows :

Know all men by these presents, that I, James Ruddell of Green County, and State of North Carolina, have bargained and sold my Right and Title of a certain Tract or Parcel of land, lying and being on the South side of French Broad River, being a part of John Winton's claim joining Lewis' land, it being the Plantation on which the said Ruddell now lives, unto John Turnley and George Turnley, both of the County and Colony afore mentioned, to them and their heirs forever, for value Received of them.

The said Ruddell is to give possession of the said Plantation, the first day of April one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 5th day of August, 1788.

THOMAS RUDDELL.

(Test)

WILLIAM CATHEY,
ROBERT SEYPORT.

The above property is situated on the French Broad River, about thirty miles East of its confluence with the Halston, and thirty-five miles east of the present town of Knoxville. There he lived with his son George till 1798 when he sold his interest to George and bought for himself a farm or claim, lying on the same river, one and a half miles below the former tract and on the same side, then known as the "Guiger Mill Place," where he lived until the year 1800, when he made an exchange with a Mr. Thomas P. Thompson for a large farm known as the "Beaver Dams," situated also on the French Broad and still farther down. He remained on this place until his death, 1808. Aged 68.

John Turnley was a quiet and industrious man; temperate to abstemiousness, honest and exact in all his dealings. His manner was morose, his will arbitrary. To his children he was stern and exact-

ing, but he extended to them every advantage that his limited means could procure. A rugged life had given him rugged manners, but he had a kind heart and an open hand, and was always ready to help those of his neighbors who might be in want, sickness or distress.

Mary, widow of John Turnley, continued to live on the Beaver Dam farm, and to carry it on by means of hired labor until 1813, when, tired of care, she broke up and lived with her daughter, (wife of George Graham.) She died 1829, aged 95. Mrs. Handy, mother of Mary Turnley died some years before in the same county, aged 104. Only one week previous to her death she walked, according to her custom, eight miles on the country road. This longevity and prolonged vigor is the more remarkable in that it seems to have been handed down to the succeeding generations, as will appear hereafter.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE TURNLEY, SON OF JOHN TURNLEY, OF
BOTTETOURT.

GEORGE Turnley was born in Bottetourt couny, Virginia, August 30th, 1762. His early boyhood was spent at work with his father in Brick-making, and in the rugged manner that usually falls to the lot of those born to hard work, without wealth and therefore without friends. In the beginning of the war of the Revolution, 1776, (it is well to specify "the Revolution" because should this record be handed down, as is the intention, many generations, there will be more Revolutions than one to record.) George Turnley, then only fourteen years of age, was readily seduced to the cause, and, like the mass of those whom he joined, was inflamed for the rebellion in exact proportion to his lack of knowledge concerning its cause. He joined parties then engaged in furnishing supplies to the collonial troops in the Kanahawa country, whether with the consent of his father does not appear, though George was well apprised of his father's staunch loyalty to Church and King. Those who have a knowledge of loyal and patriotic "army contractors of a latter period," are well prepared to

believe that he (a lad of 14) could derive little personal benefit from any labors he might engage in for the subsistence of the army, and that he could be little more than a tool in the hands of others for the benefit of others, still to his simple and confiding mind he was acting the part of a true patriot and hero. His work was that of conducting loaded pack horses across the mountains into the Kanahawa country bordering on the Ohio river. He was strong as well as bold and adventurous, and he loved the excitement of such a life. Poor boy, he was too ignorant and single-hearted to know that war is a juggernaut that carries in its car only those deified heroes who foment it, while it rolls under its wheels the contemptible herd who fight its battles and win its victories. Let no wise man ever have more to do with war than to stir it up, and reap the rewards and profits; leave fools to fight it, of which unfortunately there have so far been too many!

At the conclusion of peace, (1783,) the chief fruit of which was to furnish a theme for school boys' declamation, and carry off the surplus patriotism of very young orators on Fourth of July's. George Turnley, richer only in experience, nor indeed much richer in that, (since to his death he held those labors the proudest of his life,) returned to his father, and resumed the more quiet work of the farm. In 1785, being then 23 years old, he made a trip to the South-west through what was then the State of

North Carolina, afterwards embraced in the new state of Tennessee.

The object of this trip was two-fold; first to take a load of provisions to the army, then in the Western portion of North Carolina for the protection of the extreme frontier settlements; and secondly to see the country, and judge for himself whether it would be a desirable place of residence. The Cherokee, Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians were at that time powerful tribes, holding the border settlements, then and for many years after, in constant terror.

George Turnley remained on the border two years, trading among the Indians, and thus acquired a practical knowledge of the languages of the three tribes in the vicinity. He not only established a profitable traffic with them but was enabled by his acquaintance and friendship with the Indians, to explore the country far beyond the limits of the white settlements, and further than even the most daring of the traders had yet ventured. Striking the head waters of the Nollo Chuckey river, he explored it to its confluence with the French Broad, which, in turn, he followed to its junction with the Holsten, five miles East of the present town of Knoxville. He also explored the Pigeon and French Broad rivers as far as their sources in North Carolina. The beautiful water-courses and rich alluvial lands of this region quite captivated his

roving fancy, and returning to his father he induced him to emigrate with his entire family, (1789,) and the following year he bought jointly with his father an "improvement" of land on the South side of French Broad river. [See deed in Biography of John Turnley.]

George Turnley assisted his father in building a house for the family, and both went to work cutting down the forest, and putting their land under cultivation. There were no mechanics there at that time; every man was compelled to do his own work, thus George Turnley acquired pretty efficient skill in almost everything a frontier man would most likely need. He was a pretty good carpenter, blacksmith, wagonmaker and shoemaker. He set up a pottery and manufactured earthenware. He put up a turning lathe, and made hand-looms, spinning-wheels, reels, warping-bars, shuttles, tables, chairs, bedsteads, bureaus; in short there was no article of farming or domestic necessity which he did not either make, or invent a substitute for. He carried his produce to market, (the more densely populated settlements) by the river in canoes. These canoes he hewed out of the solid tree, poplar or gum, 70 feet to the first limb, and about four feet in diameter. One of these canoes would carry from fifty to one hundred bushels of corn at a load, and it was so light as to require very little labor to return it to the place of starting after the load had been disposed

of. It may be asked how he obtained tools for all this work; very few tools sufficed to begin with, and his blacksmith shop supplied all the rest. With his hammer and anvil he could make almost any tools he required.

George Turnley married Miss Charolette Cunningham, March 3rd 1791. They went to house-keeping at once in a snug little house of hewn logs, fifteen feet square, which George had built previous to his marriage. This house stood at the foot of Mt. Pleasant Hill, not far from the river, and on a little creek that courses round the hill, and empties into the river. To the end of their lives they clung with the proudest recollections to their little log house and its domestic peace and comfort.

Within a year after their marriage it became necessary for George to turn soldier. In fact, in that day, every frontier man was half soldier all the time, ready at a moment's warning to defend the settlements. The Indians had now become more defiant, menacing the Western and Southern settlements with extermination. George Turnley joined an expedition of sixty days against the Cherokees. His young wife left the while with her first child John, but six weeks old, in her little cabin, alone, and too far removed from neighbors to hold any communication with them. She describes her position as most lonely and perilous, surrounded on

one side by the dense forests which was filled with wild beasts and Indians, and on the other by impenetrable cane-brakes and the river. She sat day by day, and night by night, in her little cabin utterly helpless. Many nights she did not dare to retire nor even to close her doors; for with open doors she hoped for some vague and desperate chance of escape in the event of attack; and it is well known that the Indians entertained a kind of savage respect for those who exhibited no fear, but rather trusted them with open doors. Many a time she stopped the mouth of her babe with her handkerchief lest its cries should attract the attention of the Indians encamped in the cane-brake near.

As soon as a partial peace would allow, George Turnley devoted himself to the improvement of his farm. He removed his cabin to the top of the hill. His father, John Turnley, built for him staunch brick chimneys, the first ever built in that section. He also built a larger house of hewn pine logs, which, joined with the first, made a very comfortable establishment. By degrees he collected around him the necessaries and even comforts of civilization.

In 1812 he answered the call for soldiers, and though fifty years of age, shouldered his musket against the British. It was in this war he received injuries, (a rupture,) from which he remained a

partial invalid till his death. Some years after, he applied for and obtained a pension for the remainder of his life.

In 1834 his domestic happiness was clouded by the death of his wife Charlotte. He continued to live at his home with his daughter Elizabeth, still single, at the head of his household, till her death, 1836, when he turned his affairs over to his son, Matthew J. Turnley, and went to reside for a time with his son, James A. Turnley, in the little town of Cedar Bluff, Cherokee County, Alabama. In October 1839, in company with his son Matthew, who had followed him to Alabama, he returned to Tennessee, for the purpose of settling up some outstanding business. Arriving at Dandridge, he separated from Matthew, to visit an humble old farmer named Hill, residing seven or eight miles from the village. Hill was a zealous Methodist, and he and George Turnley frequently met to talk over the progress of their religious work.

On this visit, late on Saturday night, at Hill's house, he met for the first time, Hill's sister-in-law, a young woman of twenty-five, named Esther Cox; and before he left on Monday morning, had agreed to marry her, appointing the following Sunday morning, before breakfast, as the time for its consummation. He hastened on to Mt. Pleasant, where John and Matthew were expecting him, and

there announced his extraordinary intention. Their surprise may be easily imagined. Remonstrance, persuasion, entreaty were all in vain; nothing could turn him from his purpose, and on the following Sunday, according to appointment, he repaired to Hill's house, and was married, in his 75th year. (Hill was a justice of the peace, and himself performed the marriage ceremony.)

That Hill and his wife concocted and consummated this unfortunate marriage, does not admit the shadow of a doubt; but how they acquired such influence over the poor old man, must remain a mystery, unless it find a solution in the fatuity of extreme old age. The fiat of Nature must be complied with, and he who passes his three score years and ten, must again put on the habiliments of infancy and go out of the world as he entered it, a helpless and unreasoning child.

He settled with his new wife at Oak Grove, one mile distant from Mount Pleasant Home.

It soon proved that the woman was pregnant at the time of her marriage, and it was doubtless a knowledge of this fact that caused the Hills to hasten the marriage ceremony. The heart-broken old man forgave his wife; and, remaining obstinately blind to all further abuses, continued to live with her through a period of eleven years.

At length, however, her conduct became so publicly disreputable, he was driven to a separation, and on April 4, 1848, he filed his application, and August 23, 1848, obtained a decree of divorce, which still appears on the County records. May 17th he divided his household goods with her, and turned her out of his house, he going to live with his son, John C. Turnley.

Esther Cox, between the time of her marriage and divorce, had four children. As she did not claim Turnley as father to any of them, and as only two are living, it is unnecessary to mention more than the boy, Joseph. He was born November 16, 1846. Said by the mother to belong to one Isaac Rheinhardt, farm laborer. We believe he goes by the name of Turnley. Nothing further is known about him.

We have given the above in such minute detail, only because it is recorded in the old family Bible, a relic which we wish to preserve; and we desire to leave nothing that may be found there, without a full and authentic explanation. Also to record the illegitimacy of those claiming the name, and lastly to offer one word of warning to the male Turnleys, living and to live, against second and superannuated marriages.

George Turnley did not long survive this blow. His views of honor and Christian rectitude were very

high, and he felt his connection with the woman who had so shamefully abused his confidence, to be an irreparable blot upon his name. Not so, however, was it regarded by his family, and the multitude of friends, to whom he was endeared by a long life of Christian faith, charity and good works.

George Turnley died Sept. 3d, 1848, 4 P. M., at the house of his son, John C. Turnley, and was attended by his son, John C., his eldest nephew, William Graham, and a number of his grand-children. He was buried in the burying ground at old Pine Chapel Meeting House, where had been laid his wife, his mother and father, and several of his children.

George Turnley was five feet ten inches high, weighed in his prime 170 pounds, possessed wonderful strength, activity and power of endurance; was a stranger to sickness; had never, until a few months before his death, so much as tasted medicine. His habits were active, generally laborious, his diet simple; he never touched spirituous liquors as a beverage; seldom drank coffee, till the last two or three years of his life. He often remarked that he was more than twelve years old before he had ever seen coffee on the table, and he was a "free man" before he had ever tasted it.

His parents adhered rigidly to the ritual of the Church of England, in which faith George and his

sister were baptised. In his early life George received confirmation in the same church. After many years residence on the frontier, and having in the time no church privileges, he co-operated with a society of Methodists in establishing a house of worship, and finally he and his wife united formally with the society, and ever afterwards were its staunch supporters. Still to his death he designated it as a "Society," and never as a church, but always regarded himself as a communicant of the Church of England, known with us as the Episcopal Church of America.

In character, he combined unusual vigor of mind with almost childlike simplicity of heart. He was gentle and tender to his family, to his neighbors frank and generous. He was fertile in expedient, and ever ready for a bold adventure. Many a tale of daring courage and hairbreadth escape he related to his grandchildren, long after the Red Man had disappeared from that part of the country. The writer recollects one in particular which deserves a place here, as illustrative of the times and the dangers which attended the early settlers of Tennessee. We give it as nearly as possible in his own words :

The Cherokee Indians had assembled on the South side of the Tennessee River; they were holding a council there, and their intentions were known to

be hostile; and helpless as the sentiments were, there was much to fear from an open declaration of war. Many of the scattering Indians among us were friendly, but would be hostile as soon as the council declared open war. Several attempts to communicate with the warriors of this council had been made. Two separate couriers had been started with propositions of peace. They were never heard from, and the fact at last forced itself upon the reluctant people that the Indians would hear no terms, and that they had murdered the messengers as a token of this determination.

None but a pioneer in that dangerous time could have any conception of the panic that spread over the settlements.

There was no possibility of retreat or succor. To fight to the last, and be massacred at the last, was the only prospect. There was little choice in the modes of death before us. The men did not appear to care for themselves, but for the women and children.

I was not the oldest nor the wisest man in the settlements; still as a woodsman of many years, and an experienced trader among the Indians, people looked to me for some expedient in the emergency. One night, my father and my two brothers-in-law, James and William Cunning-

ham, sat with me over our log fire till late. Our talk was of the impending danger and the best way to avert it. I did not give my opinion : but early next morning I rode over to the camp, and proposed to start as messenger, myself, depending upon my knowledge of the Indian character, and the Indian tongue, to aid me in persuading them to accept the terms of friendship and conciliation offered by the government. The offer was accepted of course. In this extremity any chance would have been seized upon by the terrified people. Equipped with blanket and gun, and a knapsack filled with dried venison and corn bread, I mounted my pony and set out alone for the Cherokee country. The distance was about 200 miles. The route lay from my place to the Clinch river, thence to the Tennessee, twenty miles below the present site of Kingston, and thence across the Tennessee and into the Indian settlements. I reached the Tennessee river on the 24th December. The weather was bitter cold, the river was thick with running mush ice, there was no human habitation near, no fords, and no possible way of crossing apparent but to swim. I concluded to pitch camp for the night. I built a fire, fed my horse upon green cane tops, which grew abundantly upon the river bank, fed myself from my knapsack

of dried venison, and made a comfortable night of it, for the back-woods-man never troubles himself with what is ahead. In the morning we (my pony and I) breakfasted as we had supped. The ice was thicker than ever, coursing slowly and sullenly down the stream, and seeming to preclude all hope of crossing. Just as I had made up my mind to remain, and was casting about for some contrivance for conveying my clothes over dry, two white men rode up, like myself equipped for a journey. They had seen my camp fire from a distance, and had sought it, hoping to find company, and, possibly, assistance, for they, too, wished to cross the river. We talked the chances over; they could not swim, and would not attempt it. A happy thought at length suggested itself—we might make a raft. Here our hatchets were called into service, and by noon we had constructed a raft strong enough to carry all the luggage and the two men.

The luggage, consisting of our saddles, knapsacks, and the greater part of my wearing clothes, were transferred to the raft. One of the new comers pushed the raft with a pole, working and cutting a way through the thick mush ice, while the other held their two horses, which swam by the side. The raft was carried a great way down, but finally reached the opposite bank in safety.

It would have been impossible to return with the raft for me, an event which I had foreseen from the first, and fully provided for.

The most important part of my clothing had been sent over on the raft, and as soon as I saw them all landed and a roaring fire started, I plunged into the river, side by side with my pony. The stream was about eight hundred yards wide at that point. I swam pretty well at first, but soon grew numb with cold, and but for the pony I think I never could have reached the shore.

The men came to the rescue, and assisted us to scale the bank and stand once more on terra firma. There was a roaring fire of dead, dry trees and brush, and the men were faithful in their attentions to myself and my horse.

We spent the night there by our cheerful fireside, and the following morning, after breakfast, we separated, each to pursue his own course through the wilderness. Only yesterday unknown to each other, through the labors and dangers of the day and night, companions and brothers; and to-day again strangers for ever.

I took my way to the Cherokee village, yet three days distant, alone. On my arrival I delivered my message and dispatches, but was not admitted to the Council. An interpreter received my communications, and I was led at once to an Indian hut, and placed under guard of three strong warriors.

They pretended they could not understand a word I said, although I spoke pretty good Cherokee. I was well acquainted with Indian ways, and from

the manner of the guards and of the few squaws that came about my place of confinement, I understood that there was an excitement in the Council.

At night I was placed under charge of a couple old squaws, doubtless as a temptation to escape. Three days passed; the suspense was intolerable, for the delay was unquestionable evidence of their hostile intent, and my poor little life was of very slight importance to them, whatever it might be to me. My tact, skill and power of persuasion were of no avail since they refused to hear me. I made up my mind for the worst, when, at the end of three days, I saw two warriors coming to my hut. They looked sullen and angry, while in their laconic way they told me in Cherokee, their chief wished to see me and they had come to conduct me to him. I believe the certainty of being conducted to the stake would not have so appalled me. There was something in the dim uncertainty more terrible to a brave man than actual and inevitable death.

I walked to the Council lodge with my attendants, two behind and two before, while one walked by my side. The Chief received me with the impassive gravity peculiar to the Cherokee tribe.

“Pale face,” he said in pretty good English, “you want peace; your Great Chief promises many things, but we are afraid he will not do what he promises. We want peace, too, but when we would have peace, the white man will have war; he shoots

our game, though he promises that he will not; go home and tell the white Chief that we will not kill his squaws, nor his little ones, but his warriors must keep away from our hunting grounds. The red man is angry, and will kill you if he finds you on our grounds. We will send a warrior with you to take you safe through our country."

With all my knowledge of Indian character, I could not tell whether this was friendly or hostile. The words were fair enough, but the manner was far from reassuring, and did not become more so in the appearance of the warrior who was to be my guide.

I firmly believed, on quitting the lodge, that I had been destined by the Council to death, and that my guide was to be my murderer: still, even that was better than the stakes, and it left me a chance of escape.

One Indian was not a match for me then, and I could have held a pretty fair hand with two or three. The Tennessee river was then considered the boundary of the Cherokee country. It was three days ride, as I had come; the guide, however, took a shorter trail, and we reached it in two. I never for a moment believed in the sincerity of the Indian Chief, and the watch that I kept up throughout the journey is painful to think of. Not a motion or glance of the Indian escaped me. The last night we encamped on the bank of the river, and I felt

this to be the crisis. Here it was my guide must leave me or execute his designs, whatever they might be, but it is always dangerous to manifest distrust to an Indian.

After our supper we lay down, wrapped in our blankets, to sleep, but did not sleep, though I feigned it. I counted the breathings of the Indian through the long night, I believing that at any moment he might make a spring for my life, and I was ready for him. Finally, at day break, the leaves rustled, the Indian moved, rose, saddled his horse, and prepared for his journey back. He then came to where I lay. After satisfying himself I was asleep, he softly pulled the blanket from over me. On his approach I had stolen a glance, enough to assure me he had no weapon in his hand. I lay perfectly still while he disengaged the blanket and walked away with it.

He mounted his pony and was gone. This proved that his intentions were not to murder me. You may ask why did I not rise up and defend myself at his first approach? I could have done so; my gun was ready and under my head, but there was just one chance among many that the Indian did not seek my life. To defend myself by violence was to make him my mortal foe if I should fail to kill him, and in any case to make the war which we were so anxious to avert certain. So I deemed it best to wait and commit no hostile act, except in defence of my life. My policy proved to be the correct one.

I was left alone with my good pony to pursue my way to the settlements. This time I kept the south bank of the river till I reached a good ford that I knew of. My friends at home had long given me up to the unknown fate of my predecessors, and my return was a surprise scarcely short of a miracle. This trip was the means of effecting a treaty with the Cherokee tribe, which secured peace for many years, and, in fact, a permanent peace for that section ever after with all the Cherokee tribe.

I always regarded the Cherokee Indians as among the noblest of the Indians of this Continent.

Late results have fully demonstrated the superior character and willingness of the Cherokees to adopt the Christian principles, and the industrious and progressive habits of the whites. As evidence of this we point with pride to their present condition, surrounded as they are with cultivated farms, schools and all the appliances of civilization.

CHAPTER V.

CHARLOTTE TURNLEY, WIFE OF GEO. TURNLEY.

JAMES Cunningham and Arabella, his wife were natives of Ireland. They emigrated in 1769 and settled in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, after the birth of their third child. Charlotte (afterwards wife of George Turnley) was their fourth child, born April 13, 1770, soon after their arrival in America. Just at the close of the war of the Revolution, James Cunningham died, leaving his widow Arabella and six children, the two eldest of whom were boys and were at this time approaching manhood. They brought their mother and sisters to the new territory and settled about two miles from Turnleys place, on a little stream called as it yet is "Indian Creek." It was here in her own family that George Turnley met Charlotte Cunningham, and they were married.

Charlotte Turnley was small of stature, robust, and possessed of great powers of endurance. She had dark hair, black eyes, and dark complexion. In character she was industrious and energetic, and in the general management

of affairs possessed more tact and ability than her husband. Truly it might be said of her, "she looketh well to the ways of her household." She possessed some asprity of temper which was the more apparent in contrast with the mildness of her husband; her hand was always open to the needy; her round of charity was never forgotten, even in her last days and upon her sick bed; her messages of solid comfort were regularly dispatched to those who had learned to expect them.

It was her work as wife and mother to provide, that is, manufacture with her own hands the clothing of the family, cook the meals, and keep the little household in order, without servants, (as the Turnleys owned no negroes.) To card, spin and weave, was the daily work of every woman in that frontier country. They dyed their stuffs with barks and roots from the forest, and Charlotte Turnley was assisted in these and all other household duties by her sons as they grew up. In later years the writer heard her relate many laughable stories connected with her household and her "help." On one occasion John her eldest (who when, the story was told was a lawyer practicing at the bar,) was sent to prepare some flax for the wheel, the process was slow and laborious, he suggested to his brother who was assisting him,

to bury half the flax and thus save half the work.

The mother's eye detected the ruse. The brother on being interrogated told the whole story. John of course was in for a whipping, as he had been guilty of both disobedience and falsehood. He boldly met the charge, admitted it, but said if his mother would not whip him he would tell her of an easy way to clean her flax. This was utilizing knowledge in a way the mother had not thought of. John was not whipped. Another time John went to bed without saying his prayers. Charlotte Turnley's discipline was very strict in this particular, and she did not hesitate to enforce it with that universal reminder in those days, the rod. John was called up to give an account of himself. He said it was not his day to say his prayers. It was his turn to wash the dishes, and he never said his prayers when he washed the dishes.

Charlotte Turnley died at the Mt. Pleasant Home, July 24th, 1836, aged 64 years three months and eleven days.

As will be seen in the family record, she was the mother of fourteen children. The first, John, born when she was at the age of 22, the last, Julia, when she was forty-seven.

Hath earth one gleam of brightness
 That never wore a shade ;
 One heaven transplanted blossom
 Too beautiful to fade ;
 One star whose light is holy,
 As those that flash above ?
 Yes, bow thy head, and speak it low,—
 Thy mother's love !

The second child of John Turnley, of Bottetourt, Va., was Elizabeth. She was born in Bottetourt County, 1764. At the age of 19 years. (1783,) she was married to Mr. George Graham, of Scotch descent, while he yet resided on Tinker's Creek in Bottetourt County. Graham, with his wife Elizabeth, accompanied the Turnleys and others to the new District, now East Tennessee, and located on the North bank of the French Broad River, some two miles above what was known as Sehorn's Ferry, latterly known as Hay's Ferry. At a later period he removed on to a creek, water-power, three miles lower down, and half a mile back from the river, and there erected mills for grinding corn and wheat, and sawing lumber, also a woollen carding machine, and cotton gin. Graham was, by nature, a fine mechanic. His early advantages for scientific acquirements, however, were so limited that he was deprived of the advantages of books. Had he been favored with only a few years of such schooling as can at this day be

had in our public schools, he certainly would have made a great name in the mechanical inventions, and utilizing machinery. As it was, he surpassed any man in this line in the county.

George Graham and his wife Elizabeth, had born to them ten children, as follows :—

Mary, born 1784. Married John Sehorn, in 1801, and died ———.

William, born Oct. 10th, 1786. Married Mary Shields, 1814. He was burned in his store in Jefferson County, Tenn., 1857.

James, born 1787. Married Sarah McGirt, of Jefferson County, Tenn., 1816. He was living in Middle Tennessee, in 1865, but nothing heard from him since.

John, born 1788. Married a Miss Mary Ross, of Green County, Tenn. She died, and he married a Miss Earout, of Blount County. Nothing further known.

Priscilla, born 1790. She married John Gentry, of Jefferson County Tenn. Nothing further known of her, though she had several children.

Joseph, born 1792. Married Sarah Hill, in 1812, by whom he had a large family. After her death, Graham married a second wife. He died at his home, on French Broad River, Jefferson County, Tenn., during the war between the States ; date not known.

George, born———was married, but nothing further known.

David, born———married Miss Mary C. Lackins, in 18—by whom he had seven children, but we have not their full names, dates or residence to give. His wife died in 1856, and Graham married a Mrs. Haskins, in 1858, and soon after removed to Texas, where he is supposed to be now living.

Elizabeth, born ———died ———

Gabriel, born May 25, 1809. Died Oct. 29, 1833, (aged 24.)

Elizabeth Graham, mother of the foregoing children, died at her home, October 9th, 1817, and George Graham, her husband, married a second wife in 1822, by whom he had one child, a girl named Penelope. Graham died in 1830, aged about 70.

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CHAPTER VI.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM TURNLEY,

First child of George and Charlotte Turnley, was born at the Mount Pleasant Home, in Jefferson County, Tennessee, Sept. 27th, 1792. The wild character of the country, as well as the limited resources of the Turnley family, have been shown in the life of George Turnley. John, being the eldest of a family of fourteen children, was early taught to relieve his mother of much of the household labor, and also to take a hand in the farm work, in so much that the meagre educational advantages which the country afforded were of little use to him. He learned, indeed, to read and write, but even this was little more than nominal, as he had but rare occasion to do either.

At the age of 17 he went to learn the cabinet trade, under his cousin, James Graham, and in 1811, being then 19, he began work for himself, as journeyman, with one David Colier, a house carpenter, in the little town of Monroe, county seat of Overton, Tennessee.

In 1812, when war was declared with Great Britain, he, with others, walked to Nashville, Tennessee, a distance of one hundred miles, volunteered

in the United States Infantry, and was mustered into Capt. John Kennedy's Company, which was afterwards attached to the First Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. About the 25th January, 1813, the regiment embarked on flat boats at Nashville, and floated down the Cumberland, Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

Stopping a few days at Smithland, Ky., landing at Cairo, Ill., Chickesaw Bluffs, (Memphis) Tenn., and finally disembarking at Walnut Hills. (Vicksburg) Miss., whence they marched to the town of Washington, then the capital of the territory of Mississippi. The regiment on starting was to go to the defence of New Orleans, but for some reasons never known to the privates or subordinate officers of the command, they received orders to return to Tennessee by way of the Tennessee River Valley. Turnley had contracted a fever in the swamps of the Mississippi, and found the return march painful in the extreme. It will be remembered how meagre were the transportation accommodations of the government at that early period of its existence, and that the line of march was merely a trail marked through the wilderness. At Columbia he was too ill to proceed further, and was left to shift for himself. One Davis at first agreed to give him shelter, but on learning that he was directly from the malarious swamps of the South, Mr. Davis was afraid of some fatal contagion, and requested, in

fact commanded, on pain of forcible ejection, that he should leave his house.

The sick boy walked, or rather dragged himself, from this inhospitable door to seek a shelter elsewhere in the sparsely settled neighborhood. A cabinet maker named Gullet agreed to take him in under the stipulation that he should pay for his board in labor at cabinet work after his recovery, and if, as then seemed most probable, he should never recover, his effects, viz. gun, knapsack, clothes, &c., were to be taken by Gullet as compensation. Here he received the most kind and assiduous care. Mrs. Gullet bestowed upon him all the tenderness and watchfulness of a mother, and his affection for this good woman and reverence for her memory ended but with his life.

So great was his anxiety to repay the obligation thus incurred, that against the remonstrance of his host and benefactor, he went into the shop before he was able to do half work; still, ingenuity and perseverance supplied the place of strength, and he completed several light pieces of work in a highly satisfactory manner. Mr. Gullet paid him for the work at the stipulated rates, which at first was insufficient to balance his board, but, with returning strength, he became a valuable assistant. Thus he paid off the entire debt, and earned some money besides.

About this time an Indian trader named Donnelly

was fitting out a trading expedition for the Indian country. This trader had carried on a lucrative traffic with the Indians for many years, and, knowing the Chickasaws and Choctaws very well, had sold to them largely on credit, with a view to collection when their annuity was paid. This had just been done, and Donelly, an unlettered man, unable himself to write or read, was desirous of obtaining a clerk who was scholar enough to transact his business. Turnley engaged with Donelly as clerk. The expedition consisted of a six-horse wagon, laden with dry goods and a little tea of inferior quality, accompanied by Donelly and himself in charge. They proceeded to the Indian settlements about two hundred miles south-west of Columbia, and rapidly sold out their stock of goods at high prices—the tea bringing five dollars per pound in gold and silver. Upon Turnley devolved almost the entire business; he collected the outstanding debts without the loss of a dollar, and, reloading with raw hides, they returned to Columbia, having made the most successful expedition ever accomplished by this old trader. Turnley was, of course, elated with his success in his new business, and had he been possessed of capital to begin on, he would doubtless have drifted into the same channel of trade for himself. Not having this, he abandoned the new field, and, though Mr. Gullet was anxious to retain his services in the cabinet

shop at a salary of \$300 and his board, he had begun to look wistfully towards his native hills, and set out at once on foot for the Eastern part of the State. His brother, James A. Turnley, had been apprised of the intended journey and had started with a horse to meet him. The two brothers met at Monroe, Overton county, and remained there until John's regiment was paid off and mustered out of service, when they set out together for East Tennessee. Jackson's Creek war was then in progress, and moving appeals came up from Georgia and Carolina for supplies. Our starving army were in a state of mutiny, and nothing but the iron will of Jackson saved them from disintegration and destruction. The government, almost bankrupt and harrassed on every side by enemies, offered favorable inducements to private enterprise in the transportation of supplies. Turnley, on reaching East Tennessee, immediately engaged in floating flat boats, laden with corn and flour, down the Holston and Tennessee rivers to Fort Supply, now known as Chattanooga, Tennessee. He accompanied the expeditions in person, steering the boats himself. How long he was thus engaged cannot be stated. He was in this business, however, in 1815, and on his return from one of the expeditions, on foot, he stopped for a night with his uncle, Rev. John Winton, residing near Knoxville, Tennessee, and while there agreed to give up boating and build

a dwelling house for Winton. Proceeding on to his home in Jefferson County, he made the necessary preparations for the work, which he began April 26th, 1815.

On this same day he records an incident rendered memorable to the inhabitants of that section by its novelty. A heavy frost fell on the night of the 25th April, and the morning of the 26th presented the curious spectacle of large peaches, apples and pears, hanging on the trees, white with frost. To the surprise of all, not a peach, pear or apple appeared to be hurt, and a more abundant fruit harvest had never been known in the vicinity.

After the completion of Winton's house, which occupied about eighteen months, Turnley undertook the building of a house for another uncle, Mr. Wm. H. Cunningham, ten miles east of Knoxville. He thus continued to work at the carpenter trade some months, building several houses in Knox as well as in his own county, Jefferson.

On October 9th, 1817, he married Miss Mahala Taylor, who, with Geo. Turnley, was among the first settlers of Eastern Tennessee, and whose lands lay on the French Broad River, directly opposite those of George Turnley. After his marriage he settled in Dandridge, county seat of Jefferson, and established there a large hotel. The enterprise was not successful, and in 1823 he found himself without a penny, and in debt to the extent of \$3,000. This

disastrous termination was owing partly to bad financiering on the part of Turnley, but chiefly to the failure of other parties, for whom he stood security in considerable sums.

He had now a wife and three children to support by manual labor. He built a house on his father's premises, seven and a half miles east of Dandridge, whither he removed his family; and as fast as the work might be accomplished with his own hands, for he had no means with which to obtain help, he added shops for wagon making, blacksmithing, &c. He called this settlement Oak Grove, a name which it still bears. The house is still standing, but the shops have all been destroyed, and the majestic forest shade that gave it name, through wantonness and carelessness, have been either cut down or allowed to die of neglect. It was for years, and as long as it had the care of its founder, celebrated in that section for its picturesque beauty. He cleared a small farm on this settlement, and with constant and hard labor in his shops and on his farm, he succeeded in paying off most of the debts which his unfortunate business complications had engendered. Not only this, but he found himself able to enlarge his business; purchasing a part of the upper portion of the Mount Pleasant property from his father, George Turnley, he built a saw and grist mill, with other machinery and shops of various kinds. At this place, called the "Mill Place," he made his

residence during the winter months, returning to the more healthy location at Oak Grove in summer months. About this time—1831-3—began, in such malignant form, the billious and intermittent fevers which proved so fatal in East Tennessee for fifteen or twenty years. Especially did these fevers seem to be dreaded on all the river bottoms and lower lands, and, although no portion of that country, not even the most elevated and salubrious districts, was exempt or free from the deadly contagion, yet its severity was greatly mitigated by a removal back from large water courses and on to higher lands. During three years, however, Turnley and his family, now numbering eight children, suffered greatly with the prevailing chills and the more malignant fevers, involving great expense in medical services, besides loss of time and labor.

During these years of steady labor and only partial prosperity, he found a little time for reading. Besides acquiring much mechanical knowledge, a branch for which he possessed peculiar taste and aptitude, he instructed himself in historical and political questions, giving the greater portion of his spare time to the study of the law, without at first, perhaps, any intention of adopting it as a profession, though subsequent events led to this, and in March, 1834, he was admitted to the bar of Tennessee to practice in the State and Federal Courts, he being then forty-two years old.

One thing that perhaps had some weight in determining his final action was a law suit in which his father had become involved with one Richard Gregory, a vindictive and unscrupulous man, who, backed by a large family connection equally unscrupulous, laid claim to a tract of land previously entered and owned by Turnley. This law suit was carried through seven years with much bitterness on the part of the Gregorys, and though the Turnleys gained it in the end, it entailed much expense and annoyance. The whole conduct of the case devolved upon John C., he being better able than his single-hearted father, to cope with their wily adversary. This law suit, with its direct and incidental results, so impaired the fortunes and standing of the Gregory family, that they never recovered their power and position. It was in the last stages of this seven years contest that John C. Turnley applied for and obtained admission to the bar.

In 1837, while he was in the summer residence at Oak Grove, he met with a serious and to him irreparable loss. His residence at the "Mill Place" took fire and was burned to the ground, with all the buildings connected with it. All his household furniture, save a few pieces in temporary use at Oak Grove, was burned, together with a valuable little library, which had been purchased from time to time as his little means would permit, and was

doubly dear to him as being the sweat of his brow, as well as the source of the few hours of intellectual enjoyment, snatched from fifteen years of hard labor.

Turnley now removed his family to the Mount Pleasant home, which stood at this time unoccupied, his father, George Turnley, having gone to reside with his son James A. Turnley, in Alabama. He at first leased Mount Pleasant for four years, and before the expiration of the time, bought it, and here fixed his residence as long as his family held together. Hard work, and the reading and practice of his profession, had engrossed his married life to the almost entire exclusion of domestic ties; as a consequence, the children had centred around the mother for love, sympathy and counsel. She was the centralizing power that preserved the family unity, and her death, in 1844, laid the ax at the root of the domestic tree. One by one the children departed to seek their fortunes elsewhere. He remained at Mount Pleasant eleven years after the death of his wife, his youngest daughter only remaining with him; and now it was, in his old age, that, after the example of his father he began to cast about for a second wife. One would have thought that, with the experience of the father so fresh in his mind—for the elder Turnley had been dead but seven years—and with seven children to claim his love and interest, a man of his good sense

and sound views, would hesitate before involving himself in new family responsibilities. But who was ever yet willing to accept experience at second hand?

In the summer of 1855, he married Mrs. Dorcas Hays, widow of James Hays, deceased; a woman of excellent personal character, and of good family, but the mother of seven living children, the youngest but two years old.

Such a responsibility would have appalled him in earlier life, but now, considerably over three score, and in a state of partial dotage, he took up the burthen joyfully, and through a period of fifteen years manifested more interest and solicitude in the rearing of these children, bound to him by no ties of blood or affection, than he had ever shown for those of his own flesh.

What a commentary upon human weakness: And here the question arises to the mind, is disinterested kindness and open handed generosity a virtue, if in the exercise of it we neglect these SELFISH ties which Nature imposes upon us as a duty? Soon after his second marriage, he went to reside at the house of his wife at Hays' Ferry; his last remaining child, finding the pa-

rental roof a home no longer, sought one elsewhere, and the old homestead was turned over to tenants.

He still continued to practice law a little, but was chiefly occupied in the administration and management of the Hays' estate, a work which he performed with scrupulous fidelity ; with what ability, however, we are unable to say and the writer has had but too much reason to doubt his sagacity in financial matters.

The eternal laws of fate dealt not to every man, and least of all to him, the gift of luck in the acquisition of money. He practically held the theory that money is but trash, and the art of getting it, at best, a questionable virtue. He knew no device by which to build up a fortune or reputation at the expense of the great aggregate animal, the public. No wonder, then, that he was poor, and left poverty as an inheritance to his children.

In common with all respectable citizens of the South, and of East Tennessee in particular, Turnley suffered greatly in person and property during the civil war of 1861 to 1865. While he had never any sympathy with that class of political agitators who

unceasingly preached the constitutional and divine right of slavery from the stump and from the pulpit, he yet held firmly to the landmarks of the old Jeffersonian Democracy. He insisted upon a close adherence to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and upon this basis stood by the South in her need, when those who had made state rights a confession of faith, and negro slavery the "Ark of the Covenant," had fled to her enemies, and made the welkin ring with clamors for the destruction of the people they had led and the principles they had taught.

East Tennessee has been unfortunate in withholding distinguished honors from her own native citizens, while she warms into life reptiles from abroad, that, being animated, breathe only poison and destruction upon their benefactor.

The men who instituted polemical discussions, with broken down preachers, in the advocacy of slavery, or made "telling speeches" in Congress vindicating the "institution," were the first to abandon the ground when mere talk had ripened into blows. When the trial came, and they, by their desertion, deceived and bewildered so many simple-hearted and unreasoning people, Turnley stepped into the breach and warned them of their mistake. He plead for the unity of the South. He demonstrated to them that negro slavery was not the real issue, and, as has been seen, he was no

mean adversary; his opinions had great weight with those who had known him so long, and had so often seen the soundness of his views on government policy vindicated. Perhaps few men of private station who had never enjoyed nor sought official distinction possessed so wide an influence in the community, on subjects of this nature, and fewer still who used that influence with so much moderation: the temper and moderation of logical conviction rather than unreasoning impulse.

It would be tedious as well as unnecessary to follow our subject through the conflict that followed, a conflict in which so much was lost, in which the wealth of a whole empire was engulfed and half a million human lives were sacrificed, and which yet settled not one principle, accepted no established system, nor developed any new one for the future adjustment of difficulties among a large and in-homogenous population. He was sorely grieved at Andrew Johnson's desertion of the State that had honored him and the principles that had raised him to place and power. "Johnson," said he, "if he possesses one honest sentiment, is a State's rights democrat, and he has read political history to but poor purpose if he does not know that no man ever abandoned his principles for policy, in the midst of a storm like this, successfully; the strange bees will sting him out of their hive, but when he returns to us, we shall have no fatted

“call for the repentant prodigal. Such friends
 “have ruined us.” He lived to see Andrew
 Johnson humiliated and spurned by the “strange
 bees” he had courted, and return a mournful
 wreck to the subjugated people he had betrayed!
 This man whom the angry gods and malevolent
 spirits made President of the United States
 was the author of more wrongs than a century
 can rectify. His proclamation disfranchising a
 whole class of intelligent citizens, who, though
conquered rebels, were yet the leading element
 in their respective States, was a blow to free
 Government, that no man educated in the
 principles of our institutions had dared to strike.
 It was the precedent, the entering-wedge of all
 the subsequent proscriptions, peculations and
 carpet-bagging. And this, by the pretended
 champion of liberty! Better, far better, had
 Johnson stuck to mending pantaloons, and left
 the country to be mended by wiser hands.

But we digress. During the first stages
 of the war, while the State government
 yet stood, the majesty of the law was
 maintained, and though Brownlow, frenzied
 by the sniff of human gore that rose from

Bull Run and Fredricksburg, howled and shrieked like his kindred bloodhound, yet order and quiet industry prevailed. But, after the fall of Donaldson and Nashville, the State government fell, nominally, into the hands of the United States military, but virtually to Brownlow and Johnson! And here begins a scene of plunder and violence, scarcely ever equaled among a civilized people.

Upon the first opening of the reign of terror in Tennessee, John C. Turnley, so long accustomed to hold the ear and confidence of his immediate community in political matters, stepped forth, and in plain, candid and forcible argument plead for order: for unity of sentiment, if possible, but, above all, for mutual toleration; and for a time his white hairs were welcomed and deferred to at the most violent meetings of both political factions: he was avowedly for the South, yet, before and above all, for toleration and fraternal concord among neighbors. While any restraint of law remained, he wrought his good work: quieting political animosities, and inducing his neighbors and friends to

await the results of war without personal bitterness ; and as an evidence of the single-hearted honesty of his life, numbers of his neighbors who took the opposite political side from himself, stood his fast friends, they mutually assisting and being assisted by each other.

The lower orders of the people had been harangued into frenzy by men of their own class, who, by a little more intelligence, had only become more brutal than themselves. They were, in some instances, preachers, who, having long practiced upon the superstitions of their subjects, had acquired a peculiar power over them. One of these human monsters has been already named—while England records the name of Wat Tyler, the State of Tennessee must preserve in execration that of William G. Brownlow. The father of a murderer, himself the bold advocate of murder, he urged on his deluded followers with epithets gross and revolting, denouncing wealth, education, and even decency, as crimes against the poor. It is easy to conceive the result. An infuriated mob traversed the length and breadth of the land ; no age, no sex, no condition was spared ; it would have been unreasonable to hope that such a man as Turnley—a land mark of peace and order, and one, too, who scorned to dissemble his convictions of right for fear or favor—could escape. For a while, indeed, a kind of respect attached to the old man who had so long been

recognized as an adviser and counsellor, and by the needy as a helper, for his scanty stores were always open to the poor, and there was a seat by his fireside and a plate at his table for the humblest in the land. Gradually, however, this restraint wore away as the fury of war increased and as the appetite of the mob became whetted by indulgence. Turnley was scented out and made a close prisoner in his own house, and nothing but the fidelity of his negro servants, who hid him in the cellar and resorted to innumerable devices to deceive and mislead his enemies, could have saved him from such a death as many of his neighbors met, some being scourged to death, others hanged and strangled by degrees, while a few were more mercifully shot.

In February, 1864, he was surprised by a mob composed of one Wilson Shadden and others, and carried to Knoxville, where he was incarcerated in a large frame building, badly built and very cold, while he had neither blanket nor warm woollen clothes. Added to this, he was almost blind; for the exposure and hardships of the past few months had brought on granular inflammation of the eyelids.

He was now seventy-two years old, and though a marvel of strength and vigor for such years, yet his blood was thin, his food was inadequate,

for he had neither teeth nor appetite to eat the hardtack and army rations dealt out to the prisoners. For days his only subsistence consisted of corn which he begged from the teamsters, and having procured the kind offices of some fellow prisoner to parch it for him, reduced it to meal with the end of his knife; the winter was one of unusual severity; without warm clothing, without blankets or bedding, without proper or adequate food, and suffering constant and acute pain from his eyes, it is not possible that he could long have carried on the unequal contest, whatever his courage and unconquerable will, and our history must have ended here, but for providential aid in the person of Rev. R. M. Stevens, a Methodist preacher, who had been long known to Turnley and to all that portion of the State, as also to Virginia and Georgia as a large-hearted and benevolent man.

Stevens was himself a prisoner and but little younger than Turnley, nor would he have been less destitute, but for the kind offices of Mrs. White, of Knoxville, who had furnished him with clothes, bedding and food, which last came every meal, served on a tray from her own table; all these he shared with Turnley, and no sooner did the kind lady learn of his companion in distress, than she added a corresponding increase to the supply. Not least among the kind offices

of this old, yet newly found, friend, was companionship. The horrors of solitude to an active mind like Turnley's, dwelling in painful darkness and chafing against restricted liberty, cannot be conceived by one in possession of his unimpaired faculties.

At this time the rapidly accumulating prisoners at Knoxville were disposed of by sending them in detachments, on foot, across the Cumberland Mountains into Kentucky, and thence to Alton, Johnson's Island, Rock Island, and other northern prisons. Why this method was adopted, whether it was a "military necessity," or whether it was the mere invention of cruelty cannot be stated, nor does it belong to the province of our history.

It was a hard march for young and able men, while for men old and infirm, as were most of those incarcerated at Knoxville, it was simply death, and that in its most painful form.

Every morning the prisoners were called out on parade outside of the prison, and the names of those destined for transfer called, varying in number from one to ten; every day was the last parade for somebody. The doomed men wrung the hands of their companions in silence as they turned their backs upon home and hope. Few of them ever returned, and East Tennessee, thus bereft of her rod and staff, thus deflowered of the best and wisest of her population, tottered and retrograded full fifty years in her social condition.

There is something inexpressibly painful in the impending stroke; in the regular and certain fall of the ax that surely claims a victim at every blow, and the sentence is almost a mercy that puts an end to dread. The sentence daily deferred, yet daily suffered by the two friends, fell at last on Stevens. He knew that it was his last trial—the crowning sacrifice of a pure and holy life. He turned with a quick instinctive shudder to Turnley, now his constant companion, it was but for a moment, but a flitting shadow of the flesh, dimming, not obscuring, the grandeur of the soul, and again he was calm and serene as the blue heavens that looked down and pitied him. In a few hours he was on his hard march, and fourteen days after—the same day on which he reached Camp Division, Ohio—he died.

Such was the end of Rev. Rufus M. Stevens—a man full of Christian charity and human sympathy—a man of peace, whose hand knew no art but that of healing, whose tongue had no utterance but of admonition and blessing.

Turnley was left in possession of his bed and such of his clothing as he was unable to carry with him, which he, in turn, left with less fortunate prisoners, when a few weeks after he was released from custody.

Mrs. White never deserted the charge committed to her by her venerable friend; she had never seen Turnley, knew him only as an old man, and one of

the many sufferers of that unhappy time; yet, as long as he remained in prison, and even during "Longstreet's seige," when supplies were cut off and the provisions in the city were seized by the military authorities and dealt out in half and quarter rations to the citizens, the tray still came laden with such provisions and delicacies as she could obtain.

In May, 1864, after an imprisonment of 63 days, Turnley, in company with many others, was released.

He returned to his home only to find the fury of the mob a thousand fold increased. Most of those who were able to fly had done so, and of such as had no means of escape, or through desperate daring had chosen to remain, was furnished forth a human feast, sickening to think upon, even with seven interesting years to cast a friendly shadow over the loathsome details! The howls of Brownlow from his lair at Knoxville, reverberated through the mountains, rolled up the valleys and died in guttural menaces in the caves of East Tennessee, and every peal brought in its hecatomb of victims; it seemed that the wild beasts which possessed the land two hundred years ago, had returned in human shape, and now held carnival upon their human enemy. The methods of torture were as varied and infamous as they were cruel.

The savage Indians were poor expedients compared with these equally savage and far more cruel whites. If Brownlow published in the "Knoxville

Whig" that such or such a one, ought to be hanged, the obedient pack had but to catch the note, and the poor victim was dragged forth to a tree or gate-post. Did he say one ought to be scourged, it was done even to the death; and if, in the very poetry of vituperation, he declared a man deserved to be flayed alive, it was executed with sickening fidelity.

Turnley fled by night to seek shelter behind the Confederate lines, then at Bristol. Allan his negro man-servant, first saw his master safe and then returned to devote himself to the family, who remained behind, and when his fidelity to them had brought upon his own head the violence of the mob, he concealed himself in the woods by day and worked in the field by night, that they might have bread for the coming year! Not less devoted were the female servants, Hannah and Adeline. They stood by their master, defending and protecting him to the last.

These faithful negro slaves might furnish additional heroes and heroines for Uncle Tom's Cabin if MRS. STOWE, the incest novelist, should happen for variety to take a fancy to subjects so decent, and foreign to the flesh and sensuality.

Turnley's personal safety from the violence of the mob was thus secured, but the rest and quiet, so essential to the restoration of his health, was impossible. For nearly three months he roved over

the hills of Western Virginia. This section was filled with refugees like himself, in so much that hotels and taverns were jammed, and it was with great difficulty that one could obtain even a night's lodging in a farm house. Turnley lodged from house to house, as he could, often sleeping in the woods with a log or stump for a pillow.

In his blindness and helplessness he lost his horse and soon after abandonèd the few clothes he had carried with him.

Three of his daughters had taken refuge in Madison, Ind., and his son was making strenuous efforts to get the father there also. Several agents had been dispatched to Knoxville, but all with a like result. The route from Knoxville to Bristol, a distance of more than a hundred miles, being reported as too dangerous to attempt, one, the youngest daughter, proposed to undertake the journey, thinking a woman acquainted with the country, might quietly slip through unmolested, where a man would certainly fall a victim to one party or the other.

The brother approved the expedition. Setting out from Madison, July 15th she proceeded to Knoxville, and thence, accompanied by her nephew, a lad of twelve years old, picked her way cautiously and slowly from point to point till she reached Bristol, Aug. 8th. Failing to find any kind of shelter in Bristol, she continued her journey three miles into the country where she obtained lodging with a farmer, Mr. Blackley.

It was the rumor that her father was somewhere in the vicinity that brought her hither. He, too, had heard of her approach, and the morning after her arrival he groped his way to Mr. Blackley's in search of her. Glad as he was, however, to see his daughter, and to hear from his children, he refused to go with her to Madison, and it was with great difficulty this determination was overcome.

The first work was to improvise a change of clothing for him, as he had not been changed for nearly three months. A few yards of hickory cloth was found in Bristol at \$30.00 per yard, enough to make a coat and pair of pants. An old tailor-ess, (for tailors had all turned soldiers) was found to cut them, and Mrs. Blackley assisted Miss Turnley to sew them.

A few white muslin skirts of Miss T. were transformed into shirts, and in twenty-four hours after her arrival, a complete change of clothing had been invented—we say invented because there was literally no cloth to be bought.

After Turnley consented to return with his daughter, other difficulties arose; the means of getting there. They could only await the approach of the two hostile armies, and following the Confederates to their nearest approach, pass hastily through to the Federal lines. With either army was protection. Away from both was

almost certain destruction. They remained at Mr. Blackley's several weeks, awaiting the movement of the armies. At last Gen. Eckle, (Confederate) advanced to Jonesboro', but finding a strong Federal force menacing him at Bull's Gap, and finding his own forces inferior in numbers, without arms, without organization, being largely made up of detachments and stragglers cut off from Gen. Wheeler's command, ordered a retreat.

The citizens who had so long been exposed to the ravages of a lawless foe, murmured; the soldiers were sullen and dissatisfied; Eckle fell back to Jonesboro'; the people hoped he would at least stand there, but contrary to all hopes and calculations the retreat was continued to the Watauga river, twelve miles behind Jonesboro'. The soldiers, discontented with the officers, were almost mutinous, and in less than twelve hours after the retreat, Eckle had been superseded by Morgan, who now, full of courage and enthusiasm, advanced.

Bulls Gap was the supposed place of encounter. Morgan pushed his forces to Greenville, and how much courage and determination might achieve, against such heavy odds in numbers, arms, and organization, was soon to be tested. The surprise and murder of that brave but incautious general, is a familiar story to

every Tennessean. While the confederate army, ignorant of the events of the night and early morning, lay awaiting orders, Gen. Gillem attacked them front and flank. Cols. Bradford and Smith manœuvered in order to gain time, but still hearing nothing from Morgan, were at last forced to fight, and several hours of heavy skirmishing had taken place before they received the news of Morgan's death. It was now a retreat which the greatest coolness and intrepidity on the part of the officers, could scarcely save from a rout. The disappointed and almost disheartened Confederates fell back to Carter's Station, on or near the Watauga river. Gen. Gillem declining to follow, returned to Bull's Gap, and things were left pretty much as they had been for months past, save that Morgan was dead, and the prestige of victory with the Federals. Eckle's generalship was vindicated, but at heavy cost, and Morgan, while it pains us to cast the shadow of disparagement upon the character of so brave a man, yet we are forced to the opinion that it was well for the Confederate cause, when he had ceased from his labors and his blunders.

Turnley had followed Eckle to Jonesboro, and was on the road to Greenville, when the

advance detachments of the retreat notified him of the change in plans. He waited in the house of Robt. Campbell, Esq., till Gens. Eckle and Vaughn themselves came up, and with them returned to Jonesboro, and remained through the confusion and panic that followed. Not many days after, Gen. Williams, from the N. C. Division, (Con.,) passed through. He came to the assistance of Morgan, but arriving too late, passed on down the French Broad to Newport, only eleven miles from Hays' Ferry. Turnley availed himself of this protection, and on reaching Newport, rode on to his home without molestation. It was necessary there to secrete himself for awhile, till safe convoy to Knoxville could be procured. After some little delay all was arranged, and he proceeded to Knoxville, and thence to Madison, Ind., without further accident or hindrance, and thus after nine years of voluntary banishment, he was again restored to the heart of his family. The disease by which he had become almost blind, rapidly yielded to medical skill, and for the two succeeding years, he remained in this quiet retreat, building up his shattered health, and watching with deep and painful

interest the fortunes of his beloved South. His faith in the final success of her cause, was unwavering, and when the surrender of Gen. Lee dispelled the last shadow of hope, upon none did the blow fall with more crushing effect than on this veteran of an almost extinct generation !

His restless mind would accept no repose. While in Madison, he greatly missed the occupations that had formerly engrossed him, and though then nearly seventy-five years old, devoted himself to close study. He read the Indiana Statutes, and expressed the intention of applying for admission to the bar of Indiana, but was dissuaded from so doing by his children. Finally the opportunity offered for his return to his native home in Tennessee, an opportunity which he eagerly seized, and once more became a citizen of his native county and neighborhood, (June 1866). The incidents attending his death shows, in a striking manner, those qualities which so strongly marked his life—will, coolness and unflinching courage. He had been solicited by Steel Shadden (an old friend and neighbor), who had in charge a barge laden with corn, the property of a Mr. A. J. Pryor, of Dandridge, Tenn., to accompany the boat from Mt. Pleasant Farm to Dandridge. He consented to do so with reluctance. Shadden, without any apparent reason, seemed unusually timid, but appeared satisfied, when Turnl y joined him, and all floated safely down

until within two miles of Dandridge, the boat ran over the end of an old mill-dam, careened and filled with water. The men became frightened and threw down their oars. Turnley sprang into the water for the purpose of heading the boat up river, but he had miscalculated the depth of water. Instead of being four feet as he thought it was eight; and running a current of five miles an hour. He could do nothing but hold on to the edge of the boat, which swept down before the rapid current, and catching his foot between the gunwale and a ledge of rocks, crushed his ankle to a shapeless mass. The rocks being passed, the men hastened to assist him back into the boat. It was now night; they could only guess at their position, and to add to their peril the boat was found to be rapidly sinking. The men had lost all presence of mind. Turnley essayed to restore order and inspire courage. He directed them in their preparations for escape, and it was not till the last man had been safely launched on a plank, that he began to look out for his own safety. Securing a pair of oars, (the only means of assistance left), he also plunged into the water, but had no sooner done so, than a cry from the abandoned boat apprised him that Mr. Pryor's little son, a lad of twelve years, had been left behind: he instantly directed the boy to follow him, and with the coolness and deliberation that ever

stood by him in emergencies, he provided for the child's rescue, by placing his chin on the oars, and directing their course diagonally downwards towards the shore; he said to the boy "now my son you must swim for us both as my ankle is mashed and bleeding." Thus encouraged and supported, the brave boy swam to shore, thus in turn rescuing his deliverer. Mangled, suffering and exhausted, Turnley was unable to land, till the child had called to his assistance the men who had already reached shore.

Having attempted, it is supposed, to swim up stream, Shadden was drowned but a few yards from the boat, his body was found some days afterwards. Turnley was carried in a skiff or canoe found near the place of disaster, to Dandridge, to the house of A. J. Pryor. A surgeon was called, who pronounced amputation to be the only hope; but Turnley so strongly opposed it, that the operation was deferred for instructions from his son in Chicago. By some over-sight the dispatch was not sent till the Saturday following (five days), when he, learning that so important a message had been neglected, called for pen and ink and himself wrote a dispatch, which was sent. His son, on receipt of the dispatch submitted the case to the surgeons at Knoxville,

and hastened himself by first train to the bedside of his father. The amputation was performed on Sunday, six days after the accident, but mortification had already begun, and on the the arrival of his son (three days after), his recovery was beyond all hope. He died on the 10th of June. (1871), thirteen days after the accident, and seven after the amputation.

His son alone, out of his seven living children, was permitted to attend him in this severe and final trial.

John C. Turnley, was five feet six inches high, broad in the chest and shoulders, and weighed in his prime, 150 pounds. He had fair complexion, inclined to freckle, hazel eyes, and auburn hair, which turned gray very early—being at 45—quite white. He had a robust constitution, had no sign of inherited disease of any kind; and, but for the accident that terminated his life, he would doubtless have reached, or exceeded the ripe years of his father and grand-father.

He had nine children, all by his first wife.

CHAPTER VII.

MAHALA TAYLOR, WIFE OF JOHN C. TURNLEY.

PARMENAS Taylor, father of Mahala, was born April 4, 1753, in the Colony of North Carolina, and was therefore 23 years of age at the outbreak of the evolution of (1776). He served in the Colonial Army, first as Captain, afterwards as Major, under the command of Col. William White, of Burks County, North Carolina, and both officers were together captured in one of the engagements in that Colony. After being held for some time as prisoners of war, they were exchanged and returned to duty, and served during the remainder of that war. After the restoration of peace, Taylor married White's daughter, Betty, (1784), contrary, it seems, to the wishes of the father, and after the marriage turned their faces Westward, with their united worldly possessions upon two pack horses. White was a wealthy man, for that day, and the section of the country in which he lived, and it may be inferred, either that he refused to be reconciled to his daughter, or that she did not remain to ask it. At all events, Taylor settled on the French Broad River in Jefferson County, Tennessee, where he entered a large body of rich river land, in what is still known as Taylor's Bend.

He was a man of vigorous intellect, and a rare specimen of mountain growth, physically, standing six feet three inches in height, and though by no means fleshy, yet weighed 180 pounds at advanced age. By profession he was a Land Surveyor, but carried on farming work. He was several years a member of the Legislature of the Territory, and afterwards of the State, and was also one of the chief delegates who framed the first constitution of the State of Tennessee. Being of Catholic parentage, he found no church in his new home of that denomination, and never was known to recognise, nor yet to disapprove of any. It was often a matter of remark among his family and acquaintances, that a man of his decided character, exemplary life, and frank opinions on so many points, should never so much as allude to religious matters, so generally discussed by the community. He died at his residence in Taylor's Bend, Jefferson County, Tennessee, on 30th January, 1827, in the 74th year of his age. [See Obituary in appendix.]

His widow, (Betty), died at the same place, eleven years later, (1838), also in the 74th year of her age. The parents of the latter were of the English Church; and Betty, in later years, attached herself to the Methodist Society, then predominant in that section of the country.

Parmenas and Betty Taylor had nine children, and it is their fourth (Mahala) who forms the subject of our present narrative.

Mahala Taylor, wife of John C. Turnley, was born at her father's home in Taylor's Bend, Jefferson County, Tennessee, August 3rd, 1792. Was married at her father's house, October 9th, 1817; and died at Mt. Pleasant, August 10, 1844. She was a large and portly woman, being $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, weight 160 pounds, of very strong make, and robust constitution. She had fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, and large and decided features.

As the writer looks back to the life of toil and self-denial of this devoted mother, in heroic combat against poverty, and the reverses that bore down so heavily upon her husband during the first half of their married life, it is a subject of too much feeling, even now, to permit him to record it in the cold language of historical narrative. Her life was yet harder than her husband's, for while he did find some opportunity for intellectual pursuits, she, with a rapidly increasing family, found no such relief. The entire domestic labor depending upon her, every stitch of clothing for herself, husband and children to be spun, woven and sewed by her unassisted hand—she had no respite from toil; the losses, ill-luck and bad ventures of the husband, while they wounded him, fell more heavily upon her. Her deeper affection and stronger family attachments made her more keenly alive to the pressing wants of her children. Their physical and intellectual needs appealed directly to her, and her

agony of soul, when the toil of her strong hand failed to supply them, was known only to herself. To her eldest son who grew up her companion, adviser and ally, she told all that could be expressed by words. Even this comfort was denied her, when he was started off upon a journey of 1000 miles to seek that education which the country and circumstances forbade him at home.

Few schools existed in East Tennessee, and none that came within the reach of a scanty purse. The wealthy of all the Southern States preferred to send their children to be educated in the Eastern States, and hence felt little or no interest in promoting schools at home. The poor were unable to send their children off, and equally unable to foster schools at home. The middle classes alone, therefore, all over the South, have ever made efforts in the promotion of home or public schools; and even they have not succeeded well, being deprived of the monied assistance of the wealthy, and, of course, unable to get any aid from the poor. Hence, to be educated meant, in those days, a sojourn elsewhere than at home!

Turnley had, through political influence at Washington, secured for his son an appointment to the National Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., a step which, in his view, would secure to his son a liberal education; and open the door to an honorable, and perhaps useful career in the army; he, with

the clear, comprehensive philosophy peculiar to him, looking straight through to the end to be attained ; without, however, having provided for the practical details necessary to its accomplishment. The boy, without the first rudiments of English education ; without experience, was to undertake a journey of nine hundred miles on foot to reach West Point, and was there to be placed on equal footing and in direct competition with young men, many of whom having taken their degree previously at other colleges, had availed themselves of the privilege of the National Military School merely as the portal to the United States army.

To the mother, the loss of the companionship and society of her son was great, but a sacrifice she was willing to make ; in fact, there was no sacrifice she would not make that promised advantage to him. The obstacles, however, appeared to her insurmountable ; more practical than her sanguine husband, she weighed every circumstance and probability with a mother's eye, and there was but too little to encourage, while there was much to oppose the proposed step. She hesitated ; the son refused to go without her full approval. The hour had arrived when he must start or forfeit his appointment. The meagre preparations were all made ; the little money Turnlev could raise, only \$36.36, when reduced from the then shinplaster currency, to gold, was ready.

His few homespun clothes (a mother's work) were packed in a red cotton kerchief; nothing was wanting but the consent of the mother. Upon one word from her hung the destiny of her more than son—her companion and idol. It was given at last; fearfully, hopefully she bade him go. She lived to know that her decision had been approved by the success of him whom she loved most. Close application won for him a fair grade in his class, and with good health, the honorable completion of his collegiate course was assured. She eagerly counted every day of his absence, but it was not permitted that she should live to welcome his return. While he, urged on by her love, was giving his summer vacation up to hard study in New York, she, in the old farm-house in Tennessee, pining and hoping for him, sickened and died, (10th August, 1844). To few, we may hope, falls a life so full of hardship and self-denial and so barren of all the pleasures that make life attractive; but to fewer still is given the high principle and heroic courage to meet such a life with so much womanly dignity and Christian fortitude. A mother's heart is a garden of loveliest and richest blossoms. It is an Eden of pure sunshine and dews, a true estimate of which comes only to the bereaved. To drink daily at the never-failing fountain of a mother's love, and then to be suddenly cast beyond the charmed enclosure; to be left to buffet the rude

winds of a cold and selfish world, and make head against the tide of ignorance, misfortune and hardships that beset one's dusty path through life. teaches the young heart a lesson that age cannot forget.

Brilliant eyes may bless thee,
 Soft voices call thee dear,
 The young and fair caress thee
 With music for the ear,
 But when the heart beats wearily,
 As the timid, frightened dove
 Clings to the sheltering bough, the soul
 Turns to a mothers's love ;
 Goes out to seek the path she trod
 And follows on to Heaven and God.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARY.

Second child of George and Charlotte Turnley,
born at Mt. Pleasant Home, January 1793,
lived only four months.

CHAPTER XI.

ELIZABETH JANE,

Third child of George and Charlotte Turnley, born same place, April 17th, 1794. Being the eldest living daughter, a large part of the household labor devolved upon her. In spinning, weaving, cutting and making garments, and other labor pertaining to farm-life at that time, Elizabeth became very expert. She was never married but remained with her father; and, after the death of her mother, assumed the entire charge of his household till her own death. She died of billious fever, (then a prevalent and fatal disease in that section,) April 26th, 1836; aged 42.

She was in height about 4 feet 6 inches, heavy build, black hair and eyes, dark complexion, and strong physical constitution.

In character, she was decided; scrupulously conscientious, industrious and energetic; devoutly pious, constant and liberal in her charities, and an exemplary member of the Methodist Church.

How happy is she born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is her honest thought,
And simple truth her utmost skill.

CHAPTER X.

JAMES ALEXANDER,

Fourth child of George and Charloette Turnley, born at Mt. Pleasant Home, October 25th, 1795. As soon as he was old enough, he took his share of the domestic and farm work. He went to school, as the rest, at spare times, generally a few months each winter; he thus learned to read and write, and also acquired the rudiments of Arithmetic. When seventeen years old, he volunteered, and served as private in the Cherokee war, which lasted six months, was in the battle of the Horse-shoe, and after the expiration of his term of service, returned to his father, and remained till twenty-two years of age. He then engaged as a clerk in the house of Messrs. McClung & Co., in Knoxville, Tennessee. While thus employed, he found time to study a thorough course of book-keeping, and became an excellent accountant and book keeper. He remained several years in the firm which had first employed him, and in which he had acquired his proficiency. On March 3d, 1825, he married Miss Mary Bates, of McMinn County, Tennessee, whose father lived about seven miles from the town of Athens. In 1833 he re-

moved to Alabama, and began merchandising in the Cherokee Indian country, at a place called Gaylesville, or Gaylorsville. He was the first to build on that site, and assisted by a Mr. Thomas, built a mill at that place, having at the time but two white neighbors. He lived there and traded with the Indians, exchanging dry goods for Pink root, Snake root and Ginseng, which he sent by wagons to Augusta Ga. He was very successful in this trade, it was a wild life however, and although a few whites had gathered around the nucleus he had started, they had all (in some degree) to fall into the habits of the Indians around them. James Turnley's boys hunted with the Indian boys, and became almost as expert in the use of the bow and arrow as they, and in early childhood talked the Indian tongue like native Cherokees. After a few years of this life, he, desiring a more civilized mode of training for his children, sold out his entire stock of goods, with a store-house and hotel which he had erected at the same place. The sale was almost entirely on credit, and the purchaser, a Mr. McCrackin, failed to observe the articles of the contract, but secretly re-selling the houses and a portion of the goods for cash, shipped the remainder, under cover of night, to Gunter's Landing, on the Tennessee river, and thence

made his escape with the stolen goods to Texas. And as the Republic of Texas had about that time, or soon after, passed a law exonerating refugees from the United States, from debts claimed by citizens of the same, Turnley never recovered any part of his property or claim. He spent much time and money in the attempt to find McCrackin, but failed. He lost by this piece of sharp practice, about five thousand dollars. All his plans were thwarted, and he was forced to re-establish himself again in business on the best terms he could command. He next bought a place from an Indian chief, named Grinnet, built a store-house, and purchased another stock of goods, and succeeded very well till the financial crash of 1839 and 40, when in common with all merchants who sold largely on credit, he failed; and his entire stock and possessions were sold at Sheriff's sale. He then removed to a farm on the Chattauga river, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the former place. He was here, barely able to improve his lands a little, besides supporting his large family. In 1857 he sold out again, and removed to Walton County, Florida, where he remained the rest of his life in the occupation of farming and stock raising.

His first wife, Mary L. Turnley, died Aug. 3d, 1846, and Jan. 2, 1855, he married Miss Atlanta E.

Witcher, of Polk County, Georgia. She was one of a large family of that name, living in different portions of Florida and Georgia. She was 35 years of age at the time of her marriage. Is yet living, though her address is not known to the writer.

Her brother, Dr. Witcher, was Surgeon in the 1st Regt. Georgia Cavalry, in 1861; went voluntarily into the battle at Murfreesboro, and was shot dead at the storming of the Murfreesboro Courthouse.

James A. Turnley died at the residence of his daughter, in Milton County, Florida, (whither he had gone on a visit to his daughter, and also to transact some private business,) May 27, 1866, aged 70 years and 5 months. He was sick only one week; the nature of his disease we never learned. He was interred by the Masonic Fraternity, of which he was a member, at Milton (Santa Rosa Lodge, No. 16).

James A. Turnley was about 5 ft. 7 in. high, square build, weighed 150 lbs. in prime of life, was robust, healthy and strong, had deep auburn hair, dark eyes and fair complexion. His education was limited, yet he possessed a vigorous analytical mind and a native eloquence that gave him peculiar force as a public speaker. He was very quiet and unpretending in his manner. In politics he acted with the old Whig party so long as it existed, and when that organization dissolved, he identified himself with the Democratic party of the South. He was

a member of the Methodist Church. and an earnest worker for his religion and denomination.

He had no children by his second wife; by his first wife he had eleven.

Lord of himself—though not of lands :
And having nothing, yet had all !

The most marked characteristic of his mind, in the later years of his life, was extreme faith in the character and office of Jesus Christ as the Savior of sinners; and next to this, was his very emphatic belief that all men are sinners.

CHAPTER XI.

POLLY TURNLEY.

Fifth child of George and Charlotte Turnley, born at the Mount Pleasant Home, December 19th, 1897.

Her parents at first gave her the name of Mary, but changed it to Polly, in order to distinguish between her and her deceased sister. She was christened "Polly." She was married to Richard Luttrell, of Knox County, Tennessee, on 13th Nov., 1817, and they located near Knoxville, Tennessee, where they continued to live until 1830. In September of that year, Luttrell (now the father of a large family of children) concluded to try his fortunes in some newer country. He accordingly set out, by horses and wagons, for the State of Illinois. After visiting several portions of that prairie State, he finally located in Sangamon County, some ten miles east of Springfield. The entire family suffered extremely from chills and fever, so prevalent at that time all over the Western States, both North and South, and his wife Mary sickened and died with billious fever, June 9th, 1831.

Luttrell determined, after her death, to leave Illinois, and accordingly returned, with his children, to his former home in Tennessee. He is still living in that vicinity, at an advanced age and very feeble.

CHAPTER XII.

WILLIAM HENDERSON TURNLEY,

Sixth child of George and Charlotte Turnley, born at the Mount Pleasant Home, January 20th, 1800 : was raised up to farm labor ; acquired a meagre knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic at the annual neighborhood school, kept only in the winter season, and at the age of twenty-one, left the paternal home, to see something of the world, and to set up business for himself. After roving for a year over South Carolina and other Southern States, he returned to his father and remained with him yet two years longer.

It was now he fell in with the notion of becoming a Methodist preacher. He devoted himself to such reading and study as he deemed necessary to qualify him for the work of an itinerant preacher, or "Circuit Rider." In 1826 he connected himself with the Methodist Conference, in Dallas County, Tenn., and thenceforth followed the fortunes of an itinerant preacher. This service subsequently led him to Alabama, Mississippi, and lastly to Louisiana, where he settled.

He married Miss Sophia Henorie, of Rapides Parish, La., July 18th, 1829. He had only one child by her—a daughter ; shortly after whose

birth Sophia died, and he (April 21st, 1836,) married Miss Martha McCoy, a native of Kentucky, and, at the time of her marriage, engaged in teaching school in Avoyelles Parish, La. By her he had six children.

He died at his residence on Little River, Catahoula Parish, La., August 23d, 1855, aged 55. [See obituary in appendix.]

William H. Turnley was a quiet, unpretentious man, and a zealous worker in the cause which he espoused.

He studied assiduously, prosecuting his course of self-culture in the saddle, in the cabin upon the wayside, or wherever in his round of visitation he might chance to stop for food and shelter. In this way he amassed a fund of useful knowledge, learned the Bible with its commentators, according to his peculiar sect, almost by rote, and made himself in every sense of the word a missionary.

The following letter will give some idea of his life and labors:—

BAYOU RANGE.
AVOUILLES PARISH, Feb. 24th, 1830. }

TO J. C. TURNLEY, JEFFERSON COUNTY, TENN.:—

My Dear Brother:—Yours addressed to me at Alexandria, overtook me, three days ago, at Opelousas. I was on my circuit; have just got home. We are all well through mercy. Between traveling the circuit and trying to live, I find my

hands full—not that I would be understood as complaining of my lot. God is very good to me, and it is to bless me that He keeps my head and hands busy. I will here take the liberty to request that you desist from persuading me to leave Louisiana. I feel confident you have not conversed with the thousands and multiplied thousands that have died in this “forsaken place,” and the people who still live here like it well enough. Have you ever been in Louisiana? I dare answer no; for if you had ever spent six months in this State, you could not be content to remain six months longer where you are; and I speak without prejudice. I do not deny that we have a rough life. Last Monday night, my Sophia and myself lay out in the swamp, ten miles from any human habitation: we had no fire, nothing to eat and but little to sleep upon, while bears, wild-cats and panthers were plenty all around us. God preserved us, and by 9 o’clock in the morning we had got through the swamp and reached a house where we enjoyed our supper and breakfast in one.

Tell Amanda, Caroline and Parmenas to be good children; to learn their books and say their prayers. We shall meet and live together in Heaven, if not on earth. My dutiful affection to father and mother, and to all, the assurance of my love and earnest prayers.

Your affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM H. TURNLEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

Seventh child of George and Charlotte Turnley ;
a son born February 29th, 1802 ; not named, and
lived only one day.

CHAPTER XIV.

RACHEL TURNLEY,

Eighth child ; born April 26th, 1803 ; lived only six weeks.

CHAPTER XV.

HUGH LORENZO TURNLEY.

Ninth child of George and Charlotte Turnley, born at Mt. Pleasant Home, March 29, 1804. The name was Lorenzo Dow, for the celebrated Methodist preacher of that name.

Lorenzo had no better opportunities than his brothers, but through his own industry, acquired a much better education. He accompanied William to Alabama in 1826, and died in Perry County of that State, September 13th, 1828, aged 23; not married.

He was of heavy, short figure, weighed 140 pounds, had dark eyes and hair, died of bilious fever.

The following letters contain all that is known of his death and burial:—

SELMA, ALABAMA, ()
Oct. 9th, 1827. ()

My Dear Father:—You have already been informed of the death of my brother Hugh. He was attacked with bilious fever, September 1st, and died September 13th, in the evening. I was not with him, nor did I hear of his death till after the lapse of several weeks. When I wrote you from Greenville, I had heard nothing of it,

though he had been dead ten days. Some days after his attack, he went to the house of Mr. Sturdivant, whom, for some reason, he wished particularly to see. While there, he grew worse, physicians were summoned. (Dr. Kennon and Dr. Phillips). He had everything done for him that kindness could suggest and liberal means procure. (Mr. Sturdivant is a man of intelligence and wealth).

I knew brother Lorenzo perhaps better than anyone else. I had been his companion through difficulties and hardships, that few of our friends could understand. When we left our brother James, you knew our condition pretty well, we had but little money, scanty clothing, but one pony between us, and that a borrowed one! Our prospects were certainly very far from inviting. Our education was not such as to command a place among men of intelligence, and we felt most keenly the disabilities under which we labored. It was on this journey, badly clad, almost without money, and among strangers, that Lorenzo and I, upon a cloudy, gloomy day, sat down by the road side and talked over our situation. There we entered into a solemn compact to work our respective ways up with our best ability, and never, under any circumstances, to commit one act that we might be ashamed to own before the world—and

before our God. I believe Lorenzo kept his vow. A few months after, he became a member of the Methodist Society in the neighborhood where he lived. The rest of his history you know; and now, my faith tells me he lives in Christ. May God help us all to say "Thy will be done"

Your son in love and christian duty

WILLIAM H. TURNLEY.

ALABAMA, PERRY COUNTY,)
Oct. 6th, 1827. }

TO GEORGE TURNLEY, ESQ., DANDRIDGE, TENN :

—With feelings of regret, I have to communicate to you, the untimely death of your son, Hugh Turnley, which occurred at my house, September 13th last. His disease was bilious fever; his illness short, being only eight days from the time he came to my house till his death. The best medical aid was called in, but the Master had said "Come," and human power could not detain him.

He was perfectly patient through his sickness, talked but little, expressed perfect trust in our Lord, and confident hope for the life to come.

We buried him in decent order at our Meeting House, on the Cahawlea river, Perry County.

* * * * *

Your other son, Rev. William H. Turnley, is now present and in good health. With most sincere sympathy in your affliction,

I am Sir, very truly yours,

ROBERT STURDIVANT.

CHAPTER XVI.

MATTHEW JACOB TURNLEY,

Tenth child of George and Charlotte Turnley, was born at the Mount Pleasant Home, Jefferson County, Tennessee, November 30th, 1805. He was at first named Jacob Cobbler, for a Methodist preacher of that name, but his parents changed the name to Matthew Jacob while he was yet a boy.

He worked on the farm like his brothers, and enjoyed no better school privileges, except six months, part of the time at Marysville and part at Knoxville, which was sanctioned by his parents at the instance of James A. Turnley, then a clerk in the firm of McClung & Co., Knoxville. Matthew was very studious and made the most of all his advantages; he could not, however, gratify his desire to enter college for want of the necessary funds. He repaired as far as possible the want, by working through the summer, and studying through the winter; in this way he became a pretty good scholar, and at length entered upon the study of the law. His preceptor in his professional studies, was Robert Hynes, of Dandridge, at that time an eminent lawyer, and afterwards Judge of the Circuit Court.

In 1837 he was admitted to the bar of Tennessee. Pursuant to his original plans, he soon removed to

the State of Alabama (February 7th, 1837), accompanied by his youngest sister Julia, for whom he obtained a situation as teacher in a school at White Plains, then in Benton County, now in Calhoun. He obtained a license to practice law in the Courts of Alabama at the first session of the Circuit Court, held the first Monday in April, 1837, in a log cabin Court House just finished, in the woods near the Coosa River. The place was subsequently called Jefferson, and still later Cedar Bluffs. Here he located, making his home, for a while, with the first man that took boarders in the new town.

On May 3d, 1839, Mathew Turnley married Miss N. M. Isbell, daughter of Benjamin Isbell, of McMinn County, Tennessee. In the winter of 1840 he was elected by the Legislature of Alabama to the office of Judge of the County Court, which office he held many years, without, however, relinquishing his other practice. He removed to Jacksonville, Alabama, in 1854, and in 1859 was appointed by President Buchanan, United States District Attorney for the Northern and Middle Districts of Alabama, an office which he resigned on the 9th of August, 1861, two days before the Convention of Alabama passed the Ordinance of Secession.

His devotion to study was one of the leading characteristics of his life. He became eminently successful in his profession, and has, at this time, in connection with his eldest son, George I., a large

and lucrative practice. He is about five feet seven inches in height, weight, say 145, auburn hair, blue eyes, square build and of very fair complexion. In manner and temper he is mild and gentle, courteous towards his associates and neighbors, affectionate and considerate to his family; a devout and consistent member of the Methodist Church, yet extremely liberal in his views towards all Christian denominations. In politics he has always been known as a Democrat, and adhered to the Jeffersonian States Rights doctrines. He was never a slave owner in the extended sense of the term, though he owned domestic servants. He claimed that the question belonged entirely to the State and local laws and not to the Federal Government. That the powers of the Federal Government were delegated by the separate and independent States for the mutual good of each, and when this power became destructive of the ends for which it was conceded, it became the privilege, and the duty, of each State so aggrieved to recall that power, inherent and inalienable; that it was to establish this right we rebelled against the mother country (England), and by success of arms established it as one of the fundamental principles of the new government; that in the very nature of our government there could be no rebellion, but that a State might withdraw from the Union by solemn decree of her Convention. Recognizing this right, he nevertheless deprecated

the policy of separation from the Federal compact. After a visit to the Northwestern States in 1858-9, he discovered such violent opposition to slavery, and heard such reckless denunciation of all laws that tolerated and protected it, even of the Federal Constitution itself, he became convinced that a separation at no distant day was imminent, and admitted its necessity, when the election and inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, placed a president in the chair upon a platform avowedly hostile to the institution. He discovered in Lincoln, and the party which had then attained power, an aggressive spirit towards the States, which he knew the Southern people could not sanction; and, he hoped, that a large portion of the people in the North also, would disapprove of; at least so far as to acquiesce in a peaceful separation. He could not bring his mind to the conviction that a war could be willingly entered upon, for the exercise, by a State, of one of its its greatest reserved or inherent acts of sovereignty. He fully appreciated the superior advantages of the whole country in Union, provided such could be maintained in harmony and by mutual consent; but he recognized no right on the part of the Federal to coerce the State Governments, nor any right for any number of States, as a Federal power, to coerce any one or more of the States into a Union which, to them, had ceased to be beneficial or desirable.

Entertaining these views, it is not surprising that he felt disappointed in the general feeling exhibited throughout the North-western States. Having inquired as well as he could, into the public mind during his trip, he became satisfied that either the great moving—living masses of the great North-west, never had well-fixed ideas and correct views of the relative powers of Federal and State Governments in our system, or that they recklessly assumed to have out-grown the boundaries, and had embarked on a revolution.

We all know what followed. We may have to defer to the next century the full answer to the question, as to who was most wise in the manner of revolutionizing the American Union.

He told the people of the North-west, (as did many men whose wisdom will be more honored in the next century than in the present,) that they were precipitating the disruption of the United States, that they would drive the South to secede—Northern politicians then said “the South could not be kicked out of the Union”—and that, which way so ever the victory might go, it would be the death of American Institutions, and of American liberty. Was he right? Let the question be answered in 1900. Let it be remembered that Judge Turnley had no personal interest in the preservation of the institution of

negro slavery, as an institution handed down from Virginia yeomanry, who in 1624, and often thereafter petitioned the British Parliament to prohibit the slave trade then carried on by Dutch and New England ships. He inherited a personal dislike for negro slavery *per se*. He regarded it as one of those incidents unwisely entailed upon the country in its infancy, yet sanctioned by the solemn written constitution, and which could only be dealt with by the sovereign people of the sovereign States respectively. The doctrine promulgated by the Northern people, of the equality, and social intermingling of the black and the white races he regarded as simply monstrous. What say our readers of this view to-day?

It need not be said here, that Judge Turnley acted with the South in the war that followed secession in 1861. His course of action was marked by a firm conviction of duty, and no patriot ever acted with a clearer conscience. He gave freely of his means as far as he was able, and also of his personal service and that of his family, furnishing one son and one nephew who entered the ranks, the latter of whom found a soldiers grave at the taking of Vicksburg; and the former returned from a long and perilous term of duty in Virginia, broken down in health and constitution.

At the conclusion of the war in 1866, Judge Turnley announced himself a candidate for the position of Judge of the Circuit Court of his District. He had no opposition; but the military governments which President Johnson had set up over the conquered States was a barrier to his reaching the bench. General Meade, then commanding in that part of the country, prohibited an election, and himself appointed some man, or camp-follower from the North to fill the vacancy.

Judge Turnley and his wife Marion, are now living in Jacksonville, Ala.

Of his estimable wife, we have not the details at hand to give an extended notice of her childhood, and girlhood. She is the daughter of Benjamin Isbell, Esq., (deceased), who settled at an early day, in the Cherokee nation, (now known as McMinn County, Tennessee.)

For a short sketch of the life of Benjamin Isbell, see Appendix.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEORGE WASHINGTON TURNLEY.

Eleventh child of George and Charlotte Turnley : born at Mount Pleasant Home, July 7th, 1808, was perhaps the most intellectual of George Turnley's children. With no better school facilities than the rest, he attained pretty fair proficiency in the rudimentary branches, and, at the age of twenty-one, opened a school of his own in his father's neighborhood, in which he continued four years, teaching and at the same time prosecuting a course of study which he had marked out for himself in the higher branches.

In 1833 he went to Alabama, where he resumed teaching, and also began a course of law study. He here adopted the profession of the law, and, a short time later, removed still further south, finally locating at Harrisburg, Catahoula Parish, La.

He married Mrs. Emily Grant Doyle, of Beinville Parish, October 5th, 1845, after which he devoted himself almost exclusively to the management of a large plantation in Beinville Parish, the property and home of his wife.

He died at home, very suddenly, of billious colic, a disease that had troubled him from his childhood.

In person, he was slender, rather delicate in constitution, never seeking the hardy sports and recreations peculiar to boys and men of rougher mould ; was kind in disposition and gentle and courteous in manners. He had but one child—a daughter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WIFE OF GEORGE W. TURNLEY.

Emily Mildred Grant Duty, daughter of Littleton and Mildred Duty, of the town of Franklin, Tennessee ; born December 16th, 1808 ; married to Dr. Henry Doyle 1831, to whom she bore six children ; married to George W. Turnley 1845, to whom she bore one child.

At the time of her last marriage she owned a valuable plantation in Louisiana, together with a large number of negro slaves. The latter being freed in 1864, and the former becoming practically valueless under the Carpet-bag Reconstruction rule, she is left, in her old age, without a dollar, save the little earnings of her two daughters, Mildred Duty and Emmie Turnley, who, immediately after the so-called restoration of peace in 1866, opened a school in the town of Minden, Louisiana, where, with noble and true christian resignation, they contrive to earn a support for themselves and mother.

CHAPTER XIX.

GREENBERRY MADISON TURNLEY.

Twelfth child of George and Charlotte Turnley; born at Mount Pleasant Home, May 9th, 1810; remained with his father till his death. Died October 1st, 1831; disease, billious fever; buried at Old Pine Chapel burying ground. Not married.

CHAPTER XX.

ANDREW JACKSON TURNLEY.

Thirteenth child of George and Charlotte Turnley; born at Mount Pleasant, December 2d, 1813. Left the Home 1838; wandered through Alabama a couple of years, thence to Mississippi, Louisiana, and finally to Texas. Lived a short time in Houston; afterwards established a lumber and wood yard on Buffalo Bayou, some miles below the town, and fifty miles from the village just then started, on Galveston Island, now the City of Galveston. After a few years he sold out this business and bought a ranche and piece of land located on the Brazos River, some forty miles from Houston, and near the town of old San Felipe de Austin. Here he stocked his ranche, established a ferry, bought some grazing lands, ten miles below Houston, and appeared to be prospering financially. His family at home rarely ever heard from him.

The writer met him in Texas, first at Indianola, in 1857, and again at Houston, July, 1852. He died at his home in San Felipe, in the winter of 1854, of cold contracted through exposure upon his ranche.

He was 5 feet 7 inches high, squarely built, weighed 145 lbs; was strong, active and brave. He was peaceable and quiet in disposition, and strictly temperate in habits. He was never married.

CHAPTER XXI.

JULIA ANN CHARLOTTE TURNLEY.

Fourteenth and last child of George and Charlotte Turnley; born at Mount Pleasant Home, January 11th, 1817.

Growing up at a later period, when the general state of society, as well as her father's worldly condition, had been much improved, she was favored with greater school facilities than the other members of her family, and finally, through the assistance of her brother Matthew, received a polite and liberal education. This, added to her native grace and great personal beauty, rendered her an attractive and entertaining woman.

She accompanied her brother to Alabama in 1837: accepted a position as assistant teacher in a large and flourishing Seminary then in operation at White Plains, Benton County, Alabama. Was married to David Anderson, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and at the time Principal of the Seminary in which she was teaching. They both remained in the institution till 1847.

The Annexation of Texas in 1844, had opened a tempting field to men of enterprise; and Anderson wound up his business at White Plains, and with his little family, set out for that new State. They

traveled through Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. Of course an overland trip in wagons, even with the best possible equipment, involved great hardship and exposure. On the extreme Western limits of Louisiana, Anderson was stricken down by a malarious fever, and died. Julia his wife fell ill of the same disease, and died also, only a few days after her husband, leaving four young children, (the youngest an infant), by the wayside in a wilderness country, destitute and among strangers. It would leave the history of Julia Turnley Anderson, incomplete not to say something of the fate of the little orphans.

The kind strangers who attended the father and mother in their last moments, also took care of the children until such time as William H. Turnley, apprised by letter of the death of his sister and her husband, could hasten to their relief. He took them all to his own home in Catahoula parish, La., subsequently, Mathew J. took David and Julia, back to Alabama to live with him, Ada and Augustus remaining with William H.

Julia Turnley Anderson, was of medium height, slender in form, very fair complexion, light auburn hair and large hazel eyes. In disposition—mild and gentle.

CHAPTER XXII.

GRAND-CHILDREN OF GEORGE AND CHARLOTTE TURNLEY.

CHILDREN OF JOHN C. AND MAHALA TURNLEY —
AMANDA MALVINA,

Born at Dandridge, Tenn., August 3d, 1818.
married to James W. Mahoney, of Jefferson County,
Tenn., at her father's house, Feb., 1838. They
had eight children. James Mahoney died at his
residence, near Pine Bluff, Ark., April 13th, 1858.
Amanda was again married in 1859, and by this
last marriage, had one child. Residence, Little
Rock, Ark.

CAROLINE MATHILDA,

Born at Dandridge, June 8th, 1820, died of billous
fever, April 23d, 1836, aged 17 years and 11 months.
Not married.

PARMENAS TAYLOR,

Born at Dandridge, Sep. 6th, 1821. Married
Mary Ryerson Rutter, at her father's house in
Chicago, Sep 21st, 1853. Has two children living,
and one dead. Residence, Chicago, Ill.

ELVIRA ANN,

Born at the residence of her Grandfather, Parmenas Taylor, Jan 29, 1823. Married to Martin Carpenter, (a native of the State of Georgia, and at the time of marriage, a resident of the State of Ark.,) in Dalis County, Ark., 1856. Has one child. Residence Arkadelphia, Ark.

ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE,

Born at Oak Grove, Nov. 14th, 1824; married to Jesse R. Evans, native of North Carolina, at her father's house, March 12, 1846. Has three children living, two dead. Residence, St. Joseph, Mo.

LILBOURN GEORGE,

Born at Oak Grove, Oct. 28th, 1826; married Miss Blendina Rumsey of Batavia, New York; Feb. 20, 1867. Has no children. Residence, Helena City, Montana.

MARY JANE,

Born at Oak Grove, April 16, 1829; married to George Rodgers Moore, of Jefferson County, Tenn., at her father's house, 1848. Has three children living, two dead. Residence, Atchison County, Missouri.

MIRANDA ALMIRA.

Born at Oak Grove, September 14, 1830; died July 26, 1834, of inflammation of the lungs.

CINDERELLA LIVINGSTON.

Born at Mill Place, January 16th, 1833. Is living : not married.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHILDREN OF JAMES A. AND MARY L. TURNLEY.

HUGH LAWSON WHITE,

Born December 9th, 1825; died of an affection of the head and nose, September 26, 1842. Aged 17, not married.

CAROLINE MARGARET,

Born April 3d, 1867. Married George Blackwell; died in giving birth to her first child, December 22, 1853. The child, also named Caroline, is living with her father, some where in Georgia.

PRIOR LEE,

Born December 27, 1829; married Eliza T. Lamkin, November 13th, 1855. Has five children, residence, Rome, Georgia.

JAMES ALEXANDER,

Born Feb. 5th, 1832. When but a boy, left his father's house, and began to work for himself, and while employed as overseer on a plantation in Louisiana, became involved in a personal difficulty with a white man; and was killed, (date not known), not married.

JULIA ANN BURLINGTON,

Born March 31, 1834; married to A. J. Powell. December 22, 1853; died May 26, 1862. Had five children.

WILLIAM HENDERSON,

Born April 12, 1836; was a very intellectual boy. While at school in Dandridge, Tennessee; his health gave way. His disease taking the form of temporary insanity, he was removed for treatment, to the Asylum in Nashville, Tennessee, July, 1858. Died in the Asylum, Nov. 1858; aged 22. Disease. a deranged condition of the liver; not married.

MARY BATES.

Born September 4, 1839; married to E. W. McCall. December, 1765; is living, residence, Pensacola, Florida. Have no information concerning her children.

PERMELIA MISSOURI,

Born October 23, 1831; died Feb. 10, 1864. aged 23, not married.

MARTHA JANE,

Born September 12, 1844; married to James H. Ritman, April 20, 1865. Had two children, both dead; residence, State of Florida.

LAURA ELVIRA,

Born August 1, 1846; died August 6, 1846.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHILDREN OF RICHARD AND POLLY TURNLEY LUTTRELL.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM,

Born October 21st, 1818; married in Alabama; has several children. Residence, Oxford, Alabama.

LOUISA JANE,

Born December 10th, 1819; married and has children. Residence, Knox County, Tennessee. We have no further information concerning her or her family.

JOHN HANEY,

Born May 2d, 1821; married and has children. Residence in Knox County, Tennessee.

HARVEY WILKERSON,

Born November 19th, 1822; married and has children. Residence, near Oxford, Alabama.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH,

Born January 25th, 1825; not married. Residence, Knox County, Tennessee.

ELBERT AXLEY,

Born December 10th, 1826 ; married and has children. Residence near Kingston, Tennessee.

CORDELIA MATILDA,

Born September 1st, 1828 ; married. Residence, near Knoxville, Tennessee.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM H. AND SOPHIA TURNLEY—
LAURA S.,

Only child by this marriage; born 1832; was married to Saladin Kibbe, of Louisiana, a printer by occupation. After his marriage he removed to Mississippi. At the beginning of the war of 1861, Mr. Kibbe was foreman in the *Memphis Appeal* office. He followed the fortunes of that paper in its migrations through the Southern Confederacy during the years '62-3 and 4, and finally returned with it to Memphis after the surrender. He continued his connection with it till his death in 1868. Laura, with her children, remained in Grenada during the first three years of the war; but as the seat of war moved southward, she, with her little family, fled to Memphis.

Mr. Kibbe's labor sufficed to support his family very comfortably while he lived, and to lay up a little besides. Everything, however, was lost by the war, and on his death, Laura was left without any means of support for herself and four children, save the labor of the two eldest, Willie and Amos. These brave little boys, (then only fifteen and thirteen years old respectively,) through the kindness

and encouragement of Messrs. Farrington & Howell, merchants, of Memphis, also Mr. Lake, book-keeper in the same house, obtained situations, one in a telegraph office, and the other in Mr. Farrington's store, by which means they were enabled to support their mother and sisters.

Laura S. Turnley Kibbe, died in Memphis, Tennessee, 1869, of consumption, a disease which could not have been inherited from either mother or father, but was most probably induced by over work, care and anxiety. The boys, Willie and Amos, continue to support their sisters. They still retain their old situations, and the two sisters are in a boarding school near Memphis.

The following letter from Laura herself, furnishes all the information we have been able to obtain concerning her early life:—

MEMPHIS, February 13th, 1870.

P. T. TURNLEY, Esq.:

My Dear Cousin:—I am but just in receipt of yours asking for information concerning myself and the remainder of my father's family.

I am sorry not to be able to give you any. You must know I was not yet four years old when my mother died, and not long after, I became a step-child. I have never heard much about my own mother, nor indeed much of my father. I was married very young; not at my father's house.

though he did not offer any opposition to my marriage. I never saw him after. I was summoned to his dying bedside, but too late. As for my step-mother's family, I can not so much as give you their address or addresses—whether they live together or have become scattered—since they never write me a word.

My own health is rapidly failing; though not well at all for seven months past, I have not been confined to bed till the fifteenth of last month. My disease is consumption; you know the rest—suffering, death—my poor, destitute children, orphans. God help them!

We have broken up house-keeping, but so far I have held my little family together. Willie and Amos do all they can for me. Willie is with Farrington & Howell, merchants; Amos is in the telegraph office.

Write to me; it is a great pleasure to read your letters, though I shall not be able to write often, perhaps never again. I write this pencil scroll propped up in bed; and, cousin, when I am gone—it will not be long—remember my poor, little, friendless children with whatever counsel and assistance you may have in your power.

Enclosed is the record of my children's births.

And now, dear cousin, I must say good bye—perhaps my last farewell.

LAURA S. KIBBE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM H. AND MARTHA TURNLEY—
MARY ELIZA,

Born March 26th, 1837; married J. E. Morris, of Louisiana; has children. Residence, Monroe, Louisiana.

JOSEPH WALTON,

Born June 26th, 1838; died in Confederate service at Corinth, Mississippi, in 1862—24 years of age; not married.

GEORGE ALEXANDER,

Born November 1st, 1840; died August 13th, 1842.

MARGARET FRANCES,

Born April 14th, 1843.

WILLIAM HENRY,

Born December 6th, 1845; married.

ALICE,

Born June 5th, 1848.

LUCY ELLEN,

Born June 27th, 1851.

JAMES M'COY,

Born January 14th, 1855.

We have no further information relating to the above children ; we believe, however, that all of them who are living reside in Louisiana.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHILDREN OF MATTHEW J. AND MIRIAM ISBELL TURNLEY.

MARTHA JULIA,

Born March 8th, 1840 ; married to J. M. Armstrong, of Tennessee, December 19th, 1867. Has two children. Residence, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

GEORGE ISBELL,

Born August 29th, 1843. Served in the Confederate Army from 1861 to 1865, and surrendered with Lee's force, at Appomattox Court House. Married Miss Willie Woodward, of Jacksonville, Alabama; February 15, 1870. Is practicing law in Jacksonville, Alabama, with his father. His wife died, May 11, 1871. [See Obituary, in Appendix.]

MARY A.,

Born December 6th, 1845. Is living with her father ; not married.

JAMES B.,

Born February 8th, 1848. Is merchandizing in Jacksonville, Alabama; not married.

WILLIAM F. P.,

Born November 19th, 1852. Is living with his father ; not married.

THOMAS H.,

Born March 13th, 1855. Is living with his father.

FRANCIS A.,

Born February 22d, 1858; died June, 1859.

EPPIE R.,

Born December 19th, 1859. Is living with her father.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHILDREN OF GEORGE W. AND EMILY MILDRED TURNLEY—EMMIE CHARLOTTE.

Only child of George W. Turnley, born August 15, 1846. Residence, Minden, La.

The children of Emily Mildred, by her first husband, (Dr. Henry Doyle,) are as follows :

Coroline, born April, 1835.

Evaline, " March, 1836—dead.

Henry, " December, 1837—dead.

William " February, 1840.

Mildred, " September, 1842—living with her mother : not married.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHILDREN OF DAVID AND JULIA A. C. ANDERSON.

DAVID.

Born ———. Entered Confederate service at the beginning of the war between the States, (1861); serving all the time in the S. W. Armies. Held the rank of Captain; commanded his company in several severe battles, and while in command of his company in the defence of Vicksburg, was mortally wounded, May 16th, 1863; and died June 17th, 1863. He was a brave, energetic and efficient officer.

ADA.

Born———. Married to S. P. Gaut, of Cleveland, Tennessee, where she now resides; has several children.

JULIA.

Born———. Married to Joseph Calaway, Esq., of Cleveland, Tennessee; where she now resides. Has children.

AUGUSTUS.

Born———. Died very young, at the residence of W. H. Turnley, in Louisiana.

CHAPTER XXX.

GREAT-GRAND-CHILDREN OF GEORGE AND CHARLOTTE.

CHILDREN OF LAURA L. KIBBE—WILLIAM,

Born November 7th, 1853. Is in the Wholesale Grocery House of Harrington & Howell, Memphis, Tennessee.

AMOS,

Born Feb. 11, 1855. Is employed in the Telegraph Office, Memphis, Tennessee.

HARRIET,

Born May 3d, 1858.

IRENE CINTIA,

Born October 20th, 1863. The two last are at school, near Memphis.

We give the above record of the children of Laura S. Kibbe, as furnished by herself, on her death-bed. And here we leave the great-grand children of George and Charlotte Turnley; first, because we

have not the requisite data, to pursue the descendants through all their branches, and secondly, we prefer to leave to some succeeding member of our family, if any should feel interest enough in the subject, to add to the unfinished generation, as well as to the revise, and improve the work herein so imperfectly executed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

APOLOGY.

This little family record, gathered up, as it has been, from mere scraps of data and arranged "between hours" amid the press of other business, does not assume to be proof against criticism. Moreover, being no book-maker, we have neither the art nor desire to give it a book-like and scholarly tone. If we have made it intelligible, though in ever so homely a way, we have accomplished all that we set out to do. Many oversights and omissions strike the eye now, since the greater part of the work has come from press. Such of these as may be important, as dates, names, places &c., we will try to correct in an "errata." Mere solecisms and repetitions must go. My apology being, it is all among ourselves.

We have entered more largely into the incidents and circumstances of John C. Turnley's life, because we were in possession of said incidents from personal knowledge, and it is a source of regret that we have not been able to collect more details concerning the rest.

It is not unfit that in this little chat among ourselves, I give my views in reference to woman's occupation and, that which is related to it as cause to effect, woman's education.

A common necessity, a common intelligence and a common capability in the great social organization demand for woman a wider range of duties and privileges than has been hitherto accorded her.

Not that we would join in the lue and cry that woman is oppressed and borne down by "the tyrant man." There is a greater tyrant—a more powerful enemy to the education and usefulness of woman—the tyrant custom.

As the tiny rivulet, yielding to accident or to mere temporary obstructions, determines the course of the mighty river, so the infant steps of European civilization, tottering in the shadow of barbarian darkness, marked the channel through which the world subsequently poured its mighty current, and we call it the civilization of the 19th century. In the fœdal times, when violence was repelled only by violence, it was but natural that woman should take refuge behind the stronger arm of man, and that her range of duties should extend little beyond those consequent upon maternity. But as the power of intellect supercedes that of muscle, and man having harnessed the elements into his service, opens a higher and broader life to the reasoning soul, it is to be regretted that the field of woman

has not been in a corresponding degree enlarged, but, on the contrary, clinging to relentless custom with an obduracy stronger than life itself, she holds to her subordinate place. In the lower conditions of society, a drudge and beast of burden; in the higher, a doll, a toy, an irresponsible being, to be petted, caressed and indulged. In neither case filling the high position which her capabilities mark out for her, and to which her duties call her.

Among the multitude of occupations to which woman, by her delicate perceptions, her quick and ready intelligence, seems peculiarly adapted, all, save that of teaching alone, are closed upon her, and that by a law more inexorable than the criminal code, the decree of custom. The educated woman who would earn for herself comfort and independence, must become a teacher without reference to mental or physical adaptation; without reference to that law which governs all things else, demand and supply. She must be a teacher only, or relinquish all thought of self-support.

The result is obvious enough. Woman's education is as circumscribed as her sphere of action. Few, indeed, are those who pursue learning for learning's sake. Since woman can never be a surveyor, engineer or accountant, why should she learn mathematics? For a like reason, why should she read law or medicine? Why should she read at all, except as a superficial and uncultivated taste may

lead her to seek for amusement! Upon such a basis of development, can we be surprised if we find in her the selfish, narrow and fickle creature the world calls her? This for women with homes and friends and all the protection a favored position may claim; but for the thousands upon whom fortune has not so smiled, shall they be thrown upon the world with no shelter but the pity their helplessness excites? Or would it not be better for them, and for all, to throw open to them counting-houses, stores, telegraphs, railroads, in fine, all trades and professions, with no restrictions but those which apply equally to men in determining a trade or profession—mental and physical ability?

No legislation is necessary. If parents, and especially mothers, will only outgrow the creed that woman belongs exclusively to domestic duties, and that every departure is violence to propriety and to nature. If they will educate their daughters as their sons, in some branch of practical business, they will not only secure to them the sure and unfailing means of honorable independence; but, by extending and widening the basis of their education, will elevate and purify the whole structure of society.

Let us, then, dethrone this tyrant, custom. Let us cut out a new channel for our new wants and necessities. Let us give aid and encouragement to the woman who, with womanly modesty, seeks to apply her powers to a rational use. But, above

all, let us, by education, free our daughters from the irrational social restrictions that now debar women from useful and profitable employment.

With these apologies, remarks and suggestions, we leave the work, adding only that it is for the eye of none, but such of our name and family as may wish to read it.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE SALE AND PURCHASE OF MOUNT PLEASANT.

The notes and papers relative to the purchase of the Mount Pleasant farm were in John C. Turnley's writing desk up to 1861, and were probably scattered in the general confusion following, or more likely destroyed, as we have been unable to find them. We have, however, seen them many times, were present at the time the papers were drawn up, and are prepared to state the exact tenor and contents of the same, and the circumstances under which the sale was made. John was the only child of George Turnley remaining in Tennessee, and he (since the destruction of his own house by fire) resided on the Mount Pleasant farm. James, Matthew and Julia were in Alabama; William and George, Jr., in Louisiana, and Andrew Jackson, the youngest, in Texas. Upon John, therefore, devolved the intricate and disagreeable duty of directing and assisting the father through the difficulties which his unfortunate marriage had entailed. The woman was ignorant, reckless and unprincipled, and urged her husband to sell the farm and appropriate the proceeds to their—that is, to her—own use. He himself felt this to

be unjust to his children since he was amply provided for in his pension and the small farm of Oak Grove, which he proposed to reserve for a home. He, therefore, stood out against the woman's entreaties with more firmness than he had displayed in other things; supported in part, perhaps by the long cherished purpose of leaving one of his sons on the old homestead, that he had reclaimed from the wilderness with his own hands---and in part by the influence of John, who opposed any disposition of the property that would place the proceeds or any part of it into her hands.

George Turnley, finally sold the farm to John, and divided the price into six equal parts, to be paid in six annual installments, beginning one year after the death of George; and John executed his several notes to the father as follows: The first to himself John C. Turnley, payable one year after the death of his father. The second to the heirs of Mary Luttrell, payable two years after said death, the third to George Jr., three years after, and so on. Julia was to have two shares, James, Matthew and William none, because the father considered he had already given them a proportionate part. So stood the sale as consummated and ratified when the writer left Tennessee, in June, 1841.

George Turnley, lived seven years after this, during which time, the said wife, squandered everything she could lay her hands upon, ran him in debt everywhere, and the poor old man, harassed and an-

noyed on every hand, sought a partial relief from his embarrassments, by secretly borrowing money from his nephew, William Graham; in consideration whereof, he executed to Graham, a mortgage on Oak Grove, for more than the value of the place. Other debts in amounts large and small, were scattered all over the country. John paid many of these debts, during his father's life, and after his death, either paid or assumed to pay all. His intention was good, but his poor financial ability never permitted him to entirely meet the obligations, and the writer furnished funds, not very many years ago, to relieve his father's embarrassment by discharging his grand-father's debts! Thus the full amount of the notes, and much more 'was swallowed' up, and the heirs received nothing. Part of this failure is traceable to John's universal bad management in all money matters, but mainly, and primarily to the rascality of the wife of his father, George!

It is from our own personal knowledge we make these statements for the benefit of such of the heirs as, knowing nothing of the circumstances, have fallen into the belief that Mount Pleasant was a large estate, and that they have been defrauded of their interest therein.

The writer has written evidence (having letters of some of the heirs) in his possession, going to show that such feeling and opinion exists. Hence it is he here takes occasion to say, that between 1846 and 1865, he has paid in the aggregate

\$9,786.50 to free John and his father from debt! and he has evidence to show, that of this amount, \$4,250 was advanced to meet George Turnley's indebtedness at the time of his death. Hence, when we consider that Mt. Pleasant Home was estimated and valued at \$4,000, (in 1841), and was transferred, at these rates, to John C., there need be no search made for any balances as yet due to heirs on the notes! The writer made a pecuniary sacrifice, little short of ten thousand dollars, in obedience to the command, "honor thy father," to which he, in christian duty, added his father's father. Is it too much, therefore, to ask eternal silence?

RICHMOND, VA., February 10th, 1869.

DEAR COUSIN :—Your valued favor, under date of the 18th January, is at hand, and contents noted. We were very much gratified to hear from you and to form your acquaintance, if only by letter. We thank you for your kind invitation, and I know of nothing of a temporal character that could possibly afford me more pleasure than to visit you. With reference to giving you such information that may be in my possession in regard to my ancestors, I don't know that I can better serve you than to give you a record as recently received from my sister Mary, a resident of the County of Spottsylvania, Virginia, which is as follows :—

GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S FAMILY.

Francis, son to Grace and Francis Turnley, born February 10th, 1726–7.

Elizabeth, daughter to Grace and Francis Turnley, born December 8th, 1728.

William, son to Grace and Francis Turnley, born January 25th, 1730.

Ann, daughter to Grace and Francis Turnley, born February 28th, 1732.

Grace, daughter to Grace and Francis Turnley, born June 9th, 1735.

John, son to Grace and Francis Turnley, born November 9th, 1737.

GRANDFATHER'S FAMILY.

Susan, born October 8th, 1740.

Ellender, born December 18th, 1744.

Sarah, born July 6th, 1751.

Elizabeth, born February 12th, 1753.

Ann, born March 23d, 1755.

John, born February 7th, 1757.

James, born September 7th, 1759, and died May 5th, 1763.

Francis, born December 31st, 1763, and died December 23d, 1838.

DEATHS.

Mary, consort of Francis Turnley, Sr., died February 27th, 1794.

Francis Turnley, Sr., departed this life November 7th, 1796.

Susan, consort of Francis Turnley, Jr., died September 5th, 1822.

*Judith, daughter to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., died October 10th, 1821.

Zachariah, son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., died October 10th, 1825.

Francis Turnley, Jr., was married to Miss Susan Walls, a resident of Orange County, Virginia, April 3d, 1791.

The names of his children I give below :—

James, son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born January 17th, 1792.

Elizabeth, daughter to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born January 24th, 1794.

*Judith, daughter to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born January 21st, 1796.

John, son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born October 22d, 1798.

Mary, daughter to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born October 12th, 1801.

Whitfield, son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born September 15th, 1804.

Nelson G., son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born August 8th, 1810.

Zachariah, son to Susan and Francis Turnley, Jr., born February 22d, 1813.

My sister Elizabeth died in Rome, Georgia, at the advanced age of nearly 75 years.

Brother James died July 9th, 1862.

Brother John died in 1865 ; the day of the month I do not now recollect.

NELSON G. TURNLEY.

OBITUARY.

Died, at his residence in Jefferson County, Tennessee, February 28th, of pulmonary disease, COL. PARMENAS TAYLOR, in the 74th year of his age.

Col. Taylor was a man of unblemished moral character, and in his death, society has sustained a severe loss.

In the early part of his life, Col. Taylor was an intrepid, brave and useful officer in the Revolutionary war. He served his country first as a Lieutenant, and afterwards in the rank of Captain of the Militia of North Carolina. After his removal to the western country, he served his country in the rank of Captain of Cavalry, and performed many campaigns against the savages on the frontiers, with credit to himself and with usefulness to his country.

He was a member of the Legislative Council during the Territorial Government of Tennessee: also a member of the Convention that formed the excellent Constitution of the State of Tennessee. He was also a Justice of the Peace under the Territorial Government, and for many years under the State Government, and in all the numerous stations in which he was placed by his Government, or his fellow citizens, he uniformly sustained the character of a worthy, honest, upright man.

He has left a numerous circle of friends, relatives and acquaintances to deplore their loss---which, it is believed, was his unspeakable gain.

Col. Taylor was born in North Carolina, April 11th, 1753. and was, therefore, close on to 74 years of age.

TAYLOR'S BEND, FRENCH BROAD RIVER, {
March, 1827. }

ONE WHO KNOWS HIM WELL.

The foregoing obituary we found in the book-case of papers belonging to John C. Turnley, but we cannot say who wrote it. It is a clear, smooth and finished hand, but not that of any one we know.

For the N. O. Christian Advocate.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

REV. WM. H. TURNLEY.

Died, at his house, on Little River, in Catahoula parish, Louisiana, August 23, 1855, REV. WM. H. TURNLEY, a member of the Louisiana Conference, aged 50 years, 7 months and 15 days.

His death was caused by bronchitis, a disease he had labored under for years. It is probable that this disease extended to his lungs, and thereby occasioned his death.

On the 7th inst., previous to his death, he preached on the latter paragraph of the 25th chapter of St. Matthew, which we believe ended his public labors. He was taken very ill on Friday before his death, and suffered much during seven days, when his happy spirit took its flight.

He was not sensible of any local pain, but suffered much from (as he expressed it) a wretched feeling.

He murmured not at his afflictions, but seemed all the while to be possessed of a spirit of unusual kindness, love, patience and resignation.

He said nothing of his future prospects during his illness, being most of the time out of his right mind; but we have no cause to doubt. Judging from his godly walk, the best index to future happiness, his incessant zeal and untiring efforts for the preservation of his Master's Kingdom, we cannot but say he is wearing the long-fought-for crown.

We do not know the minister who seems to be better qualified for an itinerant than Wm. H. Turnley. Not lacking of talent, nor in faithfulness to duty, religion was his theme; and he taught it from the pulpit, and from house to house. He seemed

peculiarly adapted to the instruction of children—a duty he never neglected; while the aged never conversed with him without instruction. Though he was not possessed of great literary attainments, he had his mind well stored with a stock of general knowledge, so that he was not out of his place when among able men. Nevertheless, he would sit, as it were, at the feet of the most simple.

He was a living rebuke to arrogance---ever humble and never aspiring save for the position he now enjoys---a saint with God.

He was a minister that was much persecuted, from the cause of his plain and heart searching discourses; but it seemed to afford him great pleasure to know that his persecutions arose from formalists and wicked people, and not from the truly pious.

Stung with his keen reproofs, the wicked would often rail against him; but he bore their insults with grace and Christian fortitude, never returning evil for evil or railing for railing. His friends loved and respected him; his enemies dreaded him, because they could never unhinge his temper, and he wielded with effect the “sword of the spirit.”

Long was he known to the writer, even from childhood, and therefore I know whereof I speak, when I say he was truly a good man and an humble follower of his Master. To say that he never erred, would be saying too much; but to say that his errors were as few and far between as those of any man I ever knew, is the truth.

Not long since, while in social conversation, we heard him remark, in substance, as follows: “It is usually the case that as persons grow older, they become irritable, and I am striving that it may be the reverse in my case---that I may be more mild and heavenly-minded as I advance in age.”

Such was the aim of this man of God---that, as he neared the tomb, he might become more imbued with the Spirit of Christ, and be better prepared for mansions on High when life’s slender thread should be broken.

In the death of Brother Turnley the community has lost a friend, the Church one of her ablest ministers, and his helpless family, consisting of his wife and seven children, an affectionate husband and father. But in the midst of our sorrow and loss, let us rejoice that he "rests from his labors and his works do follow him."

"Servants of God, well done ;
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

We have not written this brief and imperfect sketch of our loved friend and father in the gospel to supercede the necessity of a more extended one of his life and labors. We hope some one having the facts of his early history will prepare a more extended sketch of his life and labors.

Louisiana, August 25, 1865.

URIAH RILEY.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Dandridge, Jefferson County, Tennessee, June 10th, 1871.
JOHN CUNNINGHAM TURNLEY, in his 80th year.

The deceased was a native of the county in which he died, and was born February 27th, 1792, at the Turnley Home, (Mount Pleasant,) on the French Broad River. He was the oldest of fourteen children born to Charlotte and George Turnley. And his demise leaves but one of those children on life's busy theatre. That one, Judge M. J. Turnley, of Jacksonville, Alabama. The deceased possessed, to a remarkable degree, what we may call individuality of character. Though only about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighing (in prime of life) only about 145 pounds, yet few men could boast such powers of endurance and recuperation.

Not less strong were his mental faculties. Born and raised in indigent circumstances, and in a section of country destitute of the facilities of education, it is needless to say that his acquirements in this respect were limited.

His parents being non-slave owners in principle, as well as in practice, and he being the oldest of a large family of boys where female help for his mother was well nigh impossible, very much of his boyhood was spent in helping his mother in house and kitchen-work.

At the age of twenty, he volunteered and served in Captain Kenedy's Company, in the war of 1812, and after his marriage devoted himself to the reading and study of the law, and was admitted to the bar to practice in 1834. Other duties, however, caused him to gradually cease practicing to any great extent since 1860.

He was frankly told by his son, the moment he reached his bedside,---(4 P. M. Tuesday, the 6th), that his recovery was next to impossible. The patient received it with calmness and resignation, and at once began to prepare himself for the sore trial. He talked freely and calmly of

his already long life, and of the vast portion of it which he now saw had been so "foolishly, wastefully and neglectfully spent." That he now realized the oft-repeated truism that man is altogether vanity. "But," said he "I have tried to do at least one thing during my life---that is to help others all I could---which I hope may pass somewhat to my credit side. As for the rest, I trust to my Savior,--- Jesus Christ. He came not to save the good, but to save sinners---of whom I am one of the chief,---on him, therefore must I rest my safety." It is a consolation to his family and friends to have such evidence of preparation for a hopeful journey, as that furnished by his contrition, humble resignation and constant secret, yet fervent, prayer, throughout his last sufferings.

At five o'clock on the last morning, he called his son close to his bedside, and directed him to have his coffin made at once, plain but decent, and directed the spot where he should be buried, and remarked that too long delay would not be proper---showing how clearly he comprehended the condition of his system.

The deceased was a useful citizen, a kind neighbor and a faithful friend. In his loss we mourn a land-mark of a past and better time.

A Short Sketch of Benjamin Isbell's Life.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I have this day concluded to write a Biography of my ancestors and myself.

The Isbells, my father's ancestors, emigrated from England, as I have been informed, and settled in Virginia, and the Howards, my mother's ancestors, also emigrated from England, to the State of Maryland, as they have informed me.

My father said he enlisted in the Regular Service at eighteen years of age, and was five years in service during the Revolutionary War, which lasted seven years. My father's given-name was Thomas. He married my mother, Discretion Howard, in Wilkes County, North Carolina, where they had emigrated to.

I was the oldest son, and myself and brothers were raised to the farming business, but all, save one, have followed merchandising more or less. My brother, John Isbell, and myself commenced merchandising in partnership, on our father's farm where we were raised, in 1816, and agreed to carry it on for four years. In the meantime I married Martha Parks. At the end of four years we vended off the goods, and I emigrated to McMinn County, East

Tennessee, then called the "Cherokee Nation," where I had made a land purchase, where I still live and expect to be buried. My wife deceased, July 15th, 1840. I have since lived at home with my children, and have always had a house-keeper among them. My wife and I have raised eleven children, and those now living are doing well.

In the year 1820, I professed a hope of being regenerated and born again, joined the Baptist Church, and was baptised by Reuben Coffee. After I moved to this County, I was one of the members in the Constitution of the Baptist Church at Big Spring, and was ordained a deacon in that Church. Some years after that we had a Church constituted near us, at Mt. Pleasant, where I joined. This Church appointed me their clerk; but of late, I have resigned on account of not hearing well. I think all of my children have made professions of having a change by being regenerated and born again.

Soon after I removed to this County, I was requested to become a Justice of the Peace, and was appointed to that office by the Legislature and held it till a new Constitution was framed, when our time expired; I was then appointed again, and, after several years, I was appointed Post Master. The office was kept at my house, and, having too much business to attend to, I resigned as Justice of the Peace, and several years after I resigned the office of Post Master on account of ill health.

I have written the above for the satisfaction of my

children and grand-children. I was eighty-four years of age on the 19th day of October last ; and I have this day, February 17th, 1870, written out the foregoing, and signed it,

BENJAMIN ISBELL.

P. S.—My father and mother were members of the Baptist Church, at King's Creek, Wilkes County, North Carolina.

BENJAMIN ISBELL, my father, departed this life, July 23d, 1870, and his remains were interred beside those of his companion, Martha Isbell, who died July 15th, 1840, in the family burying ground, which he bequeathed to his children and their descendants, near the homestead.

“Peaceful be thy silent slumber
Peaceful in thy grave so low ;
Thou no more will join our number,
Thou no more our walks shall know.

“Dearest father, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

“Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When this day of life is fled,
In Heaven above, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.”

N. M. TURNLEY,
Eldest daughter.

OBITUARY.

Willie W. Turnley, youngest daughter of E. L. and M. J. Woodward, was born in Jacksonville, Alabama, May 23d, 1850. She professed religion and united with the M. E. Church South, in 1863 : was married to George I. Turnley, February 15th, 1870 ; died May 11th 1871.

Seldom has a record so brief covered a life so pure, so bright, so beautiful. Endowed by nature with form and face where grace and beauty met and mingled ; gifted with noblest qualities of mind and heart, sweet Willie lent a charm to every circle in which she moved, and cast a radiance over every scene in which she acted. Possessed of no ordinary gifts, she applied herself with unusual assiduity to her studies during the course of her education. The proficiency thus attained, and the genius displayed in the rare beauty and vigor of her composition, gave bright promise of noble, refined, intellectual womanhood. Though she stood first among her peers, this pre-eminence awakened no envy, but her sweet smile, kind heart and obliging disposition rendered her a favorite amid that happy school-girl band.

Born of pious parents, and blessed with religious training, she, in joyous childhood, verified the truth of that precious promise : " They that seek Me early shall find Me." At the tender age of five years, she was deeply afflicted by the death of a little sister, the darling of her infantile bosom, the companion of her innocent sports. She was told, in trying to console a grief far beyond her years, she could not then go with her sister, but must wait until God took her to Heaven. " O, she exclaimed, won't God let me die, too, and take me to Heaven with Emma !" The impressions thus made were never forgotten. The desires enkindled for Heaven were never extin-

guished, but continued to glow until they burst forth in all the fervor of a holy and undying aspiration.

To God her young life was offered in the bud, and in His gracious keeping it sweetly grew and unfolded, till transplanted by His own wise and merciful hand to bloom in perennial beauty in the bowers of Paradise.

Her remarkable energy, strength of will and decision of character, sanctified by religion, and inspired by Divine love, rendered her a most zealous and useful christian. In her, christianity ever found a strong advocate and fearless defender. The church, in all its enterprises, had her fullest sympathy and most active co-operation. The Sunday School was a field in which she delighted to labor. Under its genial sunshine and careful cultivation, her lovely piety germinated and developed, and its fragrant blossoms and golden fruitage gladdened the garden whence it grew.

Her great heart, full of sympathy and stirred by the Holy Spirit, went out after the needy and afflicted. In her ministrations to the sick and sorrowing she gave beautiful exemplification of that pure and undefiled religion, which "visits the fatherless and widow in their affliction." At the same time, her simplicity of character and conscientiousness of motive, testified to the truth, that she kept herself "unspotted from the world." Her works of faith and labors of love are wreathed by the hand of remembrance into an unfading garland which will ever shed its aroma upon her hallowed grave. Earth can offer no nobler monument than the grateful affection in the hearts of those who have been blessed by her deeds of kindness; nor can she have higher eulogy than that which falls from the quivering lips of those to whom she has ministered as they murmur: "She hath done what she could."

Young, gifted, holy and beloved, she could not escape the afflictive rod. For more than a year past her health has been surely, sadly declining. Three months prior to

her decease, she suffered most intensely. They who were privileged to stand around that dying couch, learned new lessons of the divinity of our religion, as they noted the calm patience that shone from the meek countenance of that pale sufferer. The skill of attentive physicians, the unremitting care of tender nurses, the anxious love of parents and friends, the deep, untiring devotion of a young and doting husband were unavailing. The rest, she sought among her sufferings, they could not bestow, but to Him who "giveth his beloved sleep," she turned, and found that the God whom she had served in health, made her bed in sickness.

Even, as life seemed most beautiful, when love and hope were gilding, the fairest, brightest scenes of earth, the shadow fell. Is it any wonder that shrinking back, her young heart wailed, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will but Thine be done." For her husband's sake she would have lived, but meekly bowed to her Father's will. Through Christ she gained the complete victory over natural desires and affections, and while she felt for the sorrowing ones left behind, she joyously plumed her pinions for her Heavenward flight.

Had she given no dying words to cheer in the dark hour of bereavement, her life and character would have afforded abundant comfort in her death. But this precious consolation is also given to her stricken friends and relatives. Only the day before her death, while conversing with her husband in regard to her critical condition and the prospect of death, her soul was filled with joy and peace unspeakable, and she audibly rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. Calling the kind friends with whom they were staying, she requested a song. While they were singing some of the sweet songs of Zion, that tuneful voice, which in other days had rung forth with those glorious melodies, was again heard in those cherished hymns, "Jesus Lover of my soul," and "Give me Jesus."---In that conversation she assured her mother and husband of her implicit trust in God---Clasping his hand and raising her beaming eyes heavenward, she exclaimed: "O!

George isn't it sweet to trust Him." Blessed, thrice blessed, trust ! (Leaning upon this staff she walked through the valley of the shadow of death, fearing no evil.)

She is gone ! Her life was clear ; was pure ; was transient ; chaste as the morning dew ; she sparkled ; was exhaled and went home to Heaven." The youngest daughter of the household band, the bride of fifteen fleeting months has joined other loved ones gone before to our Father's house, to await the coming of darling husband, aged parents, beloved brothers and sisters who yet linger upon the shores of Time---

" Calm on the bosom of thy God
Fair spirit rest thee now ;
Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod
His seal was on thy brow."

SISTER.

Who Betrayed Gen. Morgan?

An Account of His Treacherous Surprise and
Brutal Murder.

By Maj. C. A. Withers, His Chief of Staff.

SAVANNAH, October 25, 1871.

EDITOR MORNING NEWS:

DEAR SIR: My attention having been called to an article which appeared in a Memphis paper—under signature of General Alvin C. Gillem, U. S. A.,—purporting to be a true version of the manner in which General John H. Morgan was killed, and the statement made by your efficient correspondent, whom I suspected to be an old and respected friend, in your issue of the 24th inst., compels me, very reluctantly, to appear in print, to refute a willful misrepresentation on the part of the former, and an unintentional mistake of my worthy comrade. I had intended, soon after the war and several times since, to have published a statement of what passed under my personal observation on that eventful 4th of September, the *dies ire* of our command, but cautious friends advised against any re-opening of dead issues to incite fresh animosities, which our model (?) accept-the-situationists declare would delay the day of the Prodigal's return to the bosom of the "Glorious Union." The letter in the Memphis Appeal determined my course, and I had already commenced a reply, when your correspondent's notice of the circumstances causes me to hastily lay before your readers, and all who love our dear South, and the glorious cause so manfully maintained, as succinct a statement as I can possibly make of the true events of that mournful day.

To anticipate: On the morning of the 2d of September, 1864, I received orders from General Morgan, then at Abington, Va., to have the command ready for immediate movement. At that time it consisted of the Old Brigade, under command of Colonel D. Howard Smith, the Second under command of Colonel H. L. Giltner, and a detachment of General Vaughan's (the latter composed of stragglers, men reporting from leave of absence, etc., their brigade being absent with General Early in Maryland), under command of Colonel Wm. Bradford—the whole force numbering, as well as I can recollect, thirteen hundred men. We were sta-

tioned at Carter's Station, on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, about thirty miles from Greenville. Later in the day, orders came for the force to move, the next morning early, on Greenville, and on the 2d, Gen. Morgan, with Major W. C. Gassett, G. M., Captain Henry Clay, Acting Aid-de-Camp, Captain James Rogers, Acting Inspector General, and L. C. Johnson, a clerk in my office, arriving on the train: and we immediately proceeded to Jonesboro, at that time the terminus of the road. We here met the command and advanced in regular marching order on Greenville.

Not having an opportunity on the train of discussing his plans, the General invited me to ride forward with him, and we rode beyond our advanced videttes. I remonstrated against this as dangerous, but the General said that he desired to converse with me quietly. He seemed to have a foreboding of evil, for he remarked upon my suggestion that we might be captured, "they will never take me alive—they have sworn to kill me if they ever catch me again." We still rode in advance, and entered Greenville fully fifteen minutes before our advance guard.

The General, after directing me as to the disposition of the troops, established his headquarters at the house of Mrs. Williams, but immediately sent for a detail of a lieutenant and ten men; and upon going up to the house, I learned that upon our arrival a Mrs. Williams, daughter-in-law of our hostess, had suddenly taken her departure, for the ostensible purpose of getting some "watermelons." To those who know that smile, when he was angry, I refer whether the General suspected treachery or no. His reply to me was that "he wished the men to assist Mrs. Williams in bringing back her watermelons, and that they must go until they found her." When alone, he told me his suspicions that Mrs. Williams had gone to give information to the enemy, "but that was nothing, as a thousand of our noble girls had brought us news, but I must prevent, if possible, the enemy getting wind of her approach." The scouting party returned unsuccessful after a diligent search, and reported that she had not been to the farm, to which the elder Mrs. W. had said she had gone.

In the disposition of the division, Colonel Bradford was placed on the extreme left, his left resting on the Nolichucky river and his line extending in a semi-circle until it touched Colonel Giltner's left, and the latter in the same manner to the left of Colonel Smith, thus forming two thirds of a circle around Greenville, fronting the enemy's position, and about two miles from the town. I intimated the propriety of placing Colonel Smith in Bradford's position, as the force of the latter was without regular organization, but the General said that he intended his men should lead the charge in the morning, and that he desired they should be relieved from all duty.

A written order was dispatched to Col. Bradford to select his best officers and fifty picked men as a scouting party, with instruc-

tions to advance toward Bull's Gap until they struck the enemy's position, and to feel his picket until the command arrived next morning. Captain Clay and Maj. Gassett were ordered to ride over the picket line, and see that every road and bypath were properly guarded, and at 11 o'clock p. m., they reported that all instructions had been fully executed.

After issuing orders for the command to rendezvous on the Bull Gap road, at daylight the next morning, the General retired. He occupied a front room alone. At daylight on the morning of the 4th, I was awakened by the sentinel on duty, and went into the General's room to awaken him. Upon inquiry, finding that it was raining, he instructed me to countermand the order for immediate movement, and fixing 7 o'clock as the hour. After receiving reports from the different brigade commanders, I returned to bed, and was awakened by the heavy firing around the house. Hastening into the General's room, I found that he had gone out, and searching, found him in the garden.

A description of the grounds will better enable your reader to fully understand subsequent events. The enclosure occupied just one block, and therefore was surrounded by four streets, on the northern side and occupying almost the whole space, stood the house—a large substantial brick, fronting south. To the right and southward were the stables, and still farther, and reaching to the front street, was a small vineyard of probably two hundred vines. In the southeast corner of the lot stood a small frame church, raised on brick columns, about three feet from the ground. The remainder of the lot was filled with flowers and shrubbery.

I found the General in the vicinity of the church, and we took refuge under it to consult. He directed me to go to the top of the house to see if there was an opening in different directions, and found every street blocked with cavalry, while lines of men were riding around next the fence, (a high plank fence,) shooting in all directions through the grounds. I could see squads of men at the terminus of each street on the outskirts of the village.

Reporting these facts to the General, I urged him to go into the house and there surrender, as it was our only chance, and that growing momentarily less, as the fire was growing heavy and at a point blank range. He replied :

"It is useless ; they have sworn never to take me a prisoner."

Hearing the church being forced open, we crossed over into the vineyard. It must here be stated that all movements were effected by almost crawling and taking advantage of each bush, as the enemy were not over twenty yards from us ; and crouching down among the vines, Mr. Johnston and

myself again urged him to go up to the house. This he refused, and told us that we had better separate, as three together might be perceived. In leaving, the General shook hands with me, and remarked :

“You will never see me again.”

I had gone but a few steps when I heard him call out :

“Don’t shoot ! I surrender.”

Stopping immediately, I looked around and upon the outside of the fence, almost over the general, who had risen, and was holding up his hands, sat a Yankee with gun presented, who replied :

“Surrender and be God damned—I know you,” and fired. I was so close, that to this day I firmly believe that I can identify the man.

As soon as the shot was fired, and the General fallen, he commenced shouting, “I’ve killed the damned horse thief,” and began tearing down the fence, in which he was soon assisted by a large crowd of his comrades. (I neglected to mention that while we were dodging about in the garden, some fiends in the guise of women, were calling to the Yankees from their upper windows : “Yonder he goes ! That’s him ! That’s Morgan !” &c., &c.)

Being soon after captured, taken some distance out of town, I saw nothing of the General’s body until when, after repeated solicitations, the Sergeant who had me in charge, consented to take me to Gen. Gillem, commander of the Federal force, and on my way there I was stopped by a crowd of half drunken wretches, who made me dismount. “They wanted to show me something,” and that something was the dead body of Gen. Morgan thrown in a muddy ditch by the roadside, the features almost undistinguishable from mud and blood, and the body nude save a pair of drawers, the clothing then being torn up into small pieces, souvenirs of the “Dead Lion.”

Upon reaching the town, I found General Gillem at Mrs. Williams’ house, and with him was the Mrs. Williams who had gone the day before for “watermelons,” (?) and who had returned, strange to say, about the same time, with the Yankees. I stated to Gen. Gillem that my object in coming to him was for permission to get the General’s body, “as his men were treating it like a dog.”

“Ay, sir, and it shall lay there and rot like a dog,” was his reply, and then followed a series of abuse, which would scarce be palatable to your readers or pertinent to this statement. Suffice it he rejected every proposition by which I had hoped to have succeeded in getting the General’s body to his friends.

Our force having rallied, Gen. Gillem summoned to the front, and one of his staff, whom I have thought was Colonel Brownlow, though my memory may be at fault, but who nevertheless seemed a gentleman, offered to bring in the body, which was done, and in a small back room, Capt Jas. Rogers and myself, with the assistance of a negro man, washed and dressed it. The wound was full in the breast, and seemed to have glanced on the breast bone, passing through the breast and coming out under the left arm. The head was much bruised and the skin broken in several places upon the face and temples, seeming a verification of the statement that the body was thrown over a horse, with the head dangling against the stirrups.

Such, Mr. Editor, is a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, so far as my memory goes, for I have no data upon which to rely. I sent a similar statement to Col. Reedy, the father of Mrs. Morgan, immediately after my escape, and when I reached Canada I also wrote more fully to the General's mother, in Lexington, Kentucky, and to Col. Dick Morgan then a prisoner in Fort Warren. This is another reason why I have not given this statement sooner to the public, as I felt that as the General's immediate family were in possession of the facts they would publish them if they thought it best. Now, however, as Gillem has deemed it prudent to make a statement, and as one of our own staff has endorsed it, I can no longer remain silent, not only in justice to the history of our holy cause, but to the sacred memory of one with whom it was my honor and privilege to serve, and than whom there never breathed a more noble and gallant spirit, whose name will be fondly cherished when those of his foul murderers shall have perished in oblivion.

Very respectfully,

Formerly Adjutant General on the staff of

C. A. WITHERS.

GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.





P. Y. Munday 1872

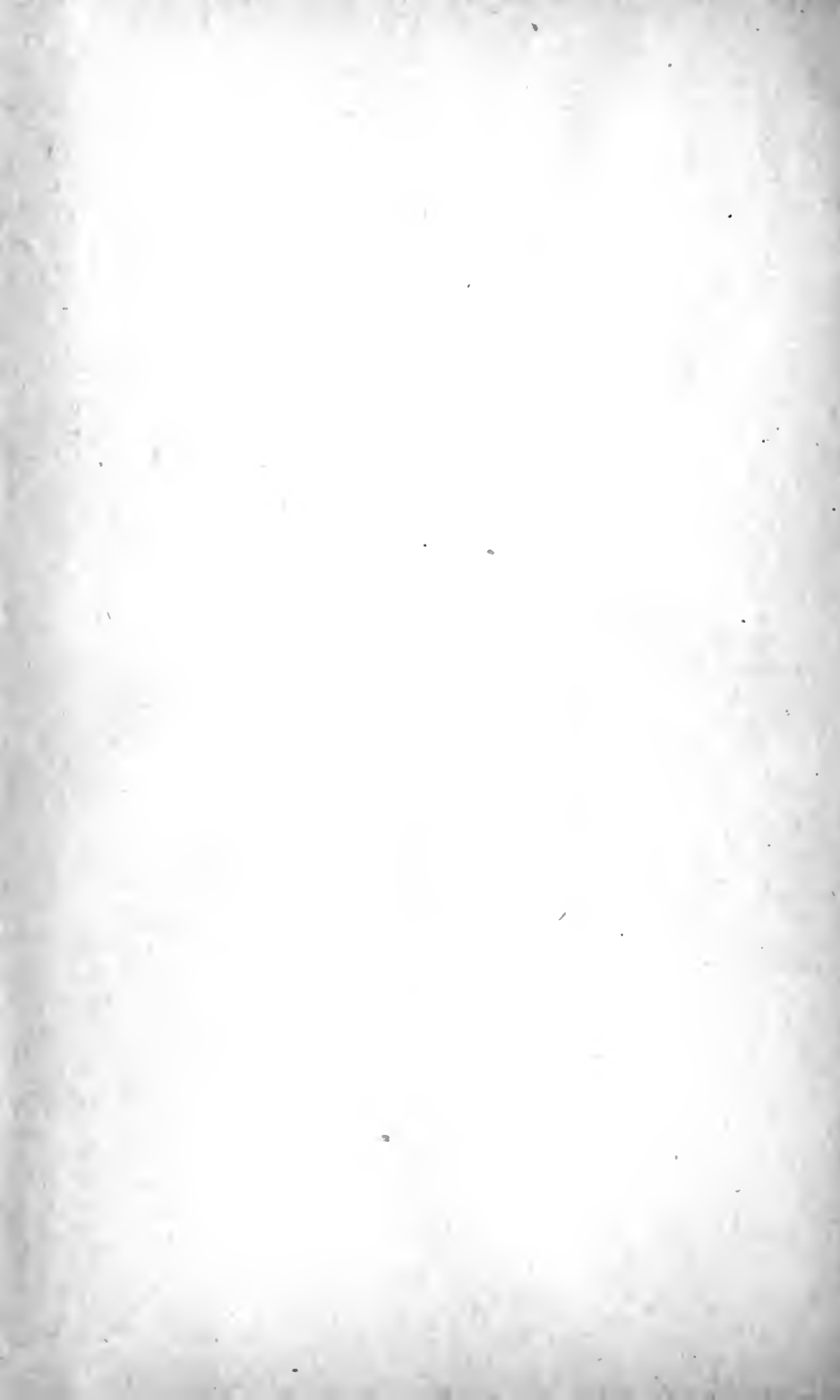






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